HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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ENGLISH CONSERVATIVE LEADERS.—[See Page 410.]

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The principal illustration is by James H. Beard, N.A., *and is entitled*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 27, 1885.

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REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS.

THE first authoritative expression by the Republican party since the election of last November was made at the Ohio State Convention. It has been awaited with great interest, and for obvious reasons. The Presidential election plainly demonstrated one fact. It showed that the appeal to the passions of the war, and the general declaration that the best interests of the country would be endangered by the election of the Democratic candidate, were not powerful enough by themselves to maintain Republican ascendency. The evil traditions of the Democratic party; the Democratic suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States; the probable payment of rebel claims and the Confederate debt; the possible restoration of some form of slavery; the peril to American industry from a free-trade party; the admirable result in many ways of Republican administration; the probable defeat of the movement for reform in the civil service; the disagreeable record of Mr. Hendricks; the total Democratic unfamiliarity with actual administration; the desirability of seeking improvement by reform within the party rather than by a party change of the Executive—all these arguments were urged by the party in possession of the government for twenty-four years, and urged with the utmost zeal and general sincerity of conviction, but urged in vain. The Republican ascendency was overthrown. Nor was that all. The significant fact was the secession of a great body of original abolitionists and Republicans of the strongest convictions and the highest character, who, comprehending the full force of the Republican appeal in the canvass, yet voted for Mr. Cleveland or for Mr. St. John, or refused to vote at all, while another large Republican body reluctantly voted for the candidate under the strongest protest. It might well startle an honest Republican that this secession of the strongest and most undoubted Republicans was made good to the party by the adhesion of the Democratic supporters of General Butler, by the most mercenary Tammany Democrats, and by a very large Irish Catholic vote. But even this motley and unnatural alliance was not enough, and the Republican candidate was defeated.

This was the situation at the end of the canvass last autumn. During the seven months intervening, that situation has changed so far as to show that the apprehensions of disaster which made up so large a part of the argument against the Democratic candidate have not been justified by his success. He would be a fool who should to-day assert that slavery is more likely to be restored, or rebel claims allowed, or the Confederate debt paid, under President Cleveland than they were under President Arthur. He would be equally foolish who should fear a dangerous tariff-tampering with vested interests, an undue influence of Mr. Hendricks and the Democratic Bourbons, or less fidelity to the letter and the spirit of administrative reform from the Cleveland administration than was shown by its predecessor, while the free vote and fair count in the Southern States are made much more probable by the restoration of that section to a normal and natural participation in national administration. This is the situation to-day, and it is with this that Republican sagacity has to deal. What should be the party policy? To renew prophecies of evil which have been disproved by the event; to denounce wrongs which, if any national action can right, were not righted while the Republican party had the power, and the denunciation of which did not hold to the party nomination last year a host of those who have the clearest perception of every such wrong; to appeal to the feelings of '62 and '63 and '64 against "rebels," and to attempt a war campaign—would reveal a pitiful poverty of resource and a perilous lack of leadership, which would be a most unpromising augury of success. The more furious the denunciation of the Administration, the more evident and embarrassing would be the fact that the Administration has not done what the same denouncers throughout the campaign declared that it would do; and the more frantic the effort to arouse the animosities of the war, the stronger would be the intelligent conviction that if such an appeal could not avail against Democratic success, it was hopeless when Democratic success made the appeal ridiculous.

For nearly a quarter of a century the Democrats denounced the Republicans for every kind of iniquity. But it was wasted fury. The intelligent citizens who decide elections do not judge administrations by the vituperation of professional politicians of the opposing party. Least of all will they do so this year. Platforms have become almost jests, and never so much as now will probabilities be measured not by promises, but by performance. The real significance of Republican and Democratic promises will be shown not in a form of words, but by the character of nominations and by official conduct. The Republicans of Ohio present an admirable civil service reform programme. But they can not claim that it is a principle or a policy of the party, because in the Republican Assembly of New York and of Massachusetts a deadly blow was intentionally struck by Republican votes at reform. While in Massachusetts and New York Republicans are striving practically to nullify civil service reform, with what hope of impressing the public with sincere devotion to it can Republican conventions denounce President Cleveland? Whatever inconsistencies may be alleged against the Administration, the Democratic President has shown much more regard for reform than the Republican majority of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and of the New York Assembly. If the latter body represents truly the Republican sentiment of the State which will control the New York nominations this year, the Republican managers will betray a dangerous reliance upon the folly of the Democratic party. They certainly can not hold all the Democratic vote that was cast for Mr. Blaine, and if they do not care to regain the Republican vote that was cast against him, undoubtedly they will act accordingly.

THE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

The number of college graduates in this country every year is not very large, but the space which the newspapers devote to the Commencement exercises shows a just consciousness of the importance of the college in our national system. One of the tendencies most to be deprecated is the disposition to sneer at college-bred men as necessarily effeminate, priggish, and unpractical, and to hold that the only genuine American is "the self-made man," as if educated men were not quite as much self-made as ignorant men. It would be most unfortunate if it were true that want of education, or contempt of the best education possible, or ignorance of the essential value of education, were distinctively American. But happily no nation ever showed from the beginning a more truthful appreciation of that value, and no nation is more indebted to its educated men, than this.

In the early colonial epoch, the impressible and formative period, the clergy were in great part the influential class, and they were especially the educated body. The leaders of the Revolution were largely educated and college-bred men. The great majority of the members of the Constitutional Convention were from the college. The number of graduates, indeed, then as now, was comparatively small. But their influence and power were very great. No university, of course, and no primary school, and no workshop, and no degree of poverty, will make a naturally dull man wise, nor give common-sense to a fool. But a true self-made man is the man who makes himself out of all his opportunities. The larger and more varied they are, the more he is likely to "make" himself. Abraham Lincoln was a very poor boy who had very little schooling. But the boy who lay upon the floor to read his books by the light of the burning pine knots showed the true instinct of the self-making man to obtain all the education possible.

Sam Adams was none the less an organizing, practical political leader because of his college training, and Dr. Franklin was not a more sagacious or effective public man because he was not college-bred. There are, indeed, plenty of great men who graduated at no college, as there are plenty of them who have been invalids, like Darwin, and superstitious, like Bacon. They were not great, however, because they did not graduate, nor because they were ill, nor because they were superstitious. College is only a larger opportunity, and the men who have the ability to make themselves use that opportunity when it is open to them, as, when it is closed to them, they use such opportunities as they have.

THE TORY TASK.

If Lord Salisbury succeeds in forming a Ministry, he will undertake the government of England under humiliating auspices. He will owe his opportunity to the Irish party, to which the Tories are naturally opposed, and he asks as the condition of his experiment the favor of Mr. Gladstone. To be what Sir Charles Dilke calls a stop-gap until the election, and then to retire before a Liberal victory, would be unspeakably mortifying. Nothing could demonstrate more forcibly the total want of hold upon the country of the Tory party.

To a man like Lord Salisbury it must be among the most disagreeable facts of the situation that the possibility of any action upon his part depends upon Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and Lord Randolph Churchill. The majority of the Parliament is undoubtedly loyal to the commanding genius of Mr. Gladstone. The Irish contingent is under the orders of Mr. Parnell, and the harum-scarum Tory squad follows Lord Randolph Churchill. With these three men Lord Salisbury has no convictions or purposes or feelings in common, yet his government will exist by their favor.

Besides this, his party, the Tory party, has no policy. It has been merely an opposition party. Its orators in Parliament and on the platform have assailed the errors and improved to the purposes of opposition the misfortunes of the Gladstone government. They have alleged that the honor of England was stained and her pride brought low, but they have not declared what measures they should adopt were they in power. Moreover, the Gladstone defeat was not a general vote of confidence that the Tories would devise a policy, because the defeat was secured by the Parnellite vote, which has no other significance than that the Government's course in Ireland was not approved by Irish nationalists. Lord Salisbury finds himself in a very disagreeable dilemma, and it will be very surprising if the result does not prove that Toryism has lost its hold upon English confidence, and that, despite mistakes and misfortunes and the bitter hostility of London clubs and court society, Mr. Gladstone is still felt to be the greatest and truest of English statesmen.

POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS.

The question of postal savings-banks has been often presented and urged upon public attention, and the State Charities Aid Association in New York is pressing it vigorously, hoping to awaken a public opinion which will be felt by Congress. The experience of other countries attests the great benefit of such banks to the poorest class of depositors, and the reasons for the adoption of the system here are very strong. In February, 1882, an exhaustive report from the Committee on the Post-office was submitted by Mr. Lacey, which recommended the passage of the pending bill. Postmaster-Generals Jewell, Tyner, Key, Maynard, and James have warmly urged the adoption of the plan, and Mr. James is the chairman of the committee of the State Aid Association which now presses the bill.

The reasons, in brief, for the postal bank system are that it will encourage savings by the very poor, and that however useful the existing savings-banks may be, they are very unequally distributed in the country, some States being wholly without them, while confidence has been sorely shaken in them by failures and great losses. In 1880 there were 422 savings-banks in New England, 181 in the Middle States, 50 in the Western States and Territories, and 5 in the Southern States. The failure of the Freedman's Bank caused great distrust among the colored people, while in less than seven years twenty-two savings-banks failed in the city of New York, with a loss of nearly four and a half millions of dollars. The implicit confidence in the government, and the habit of dealing with the post-office—almost the only point at which most citizens are brought in contact with the government—would naturally lead vast numbers of people to save money for deposit and interest. The bill reported by Mr. Lacey provided for single deposits of not less than ten cents nor more than a hundred dollars, the entire deposit of any one person not to exceed five hundred dollars, interest to be paid at two per cent., and the expenses to be paid from the profits of the business.

The great purpose of the scheme is to enable the poor to help themselves. Of the wisdom of that purpose there can be no doubt. The promotion of it by the postal bank is equally beyond question. Its advantages over all other plans for fostering habits of economy and foresight with the very poor is incontestable. The only questions that can be raised are

whether it is well for the government to undertake it, and whether it might not possibly affect the national bank system unfavorably. The first question is answered by the fact that the whole Post-office system is a public convenience and benefit composed of many branches, such as the business of carrying letters and newspapers, the express business, and the postal order business. The proposed bank is another business for the public advantage strictly within the range of the department. If it is not the function of government to receive and hold private earnings, neither is it the function of government to carry private letters. But the good sense of the American people favors a public department for private convenience, and that is the Post-office Department. The second objection suggested is that if the use of the postal banks should become general, and the money deposited should be invested in government bonds which are held by the national banks as securities for their circulation, complications might arise by reducing the issue of national bank currency. This question shows the necessity of careful reflection; but the range of investment of the savings funds might be safely enlarged, and the objection is not likely to be fatal. The advantages of the system are so great and obvious that to be strongly supported it needs only to be generally known.

PRESIDENT WHITE AND CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, has resigned, and has well earned the repose and undisturbed opportunity of literary labor which his resignation secures. His relation to the University has been vitally important. Thirty years ago, while he was still a professor in the University of Michigan, he was strongly impressed with the desirability of a truly great and unsectarian popular university to be established in Central New York. The idea was not a hope or a dream merely; it was a purpose.

Mr. WHITE has had always a high sense of the duty of every citizen, which he expressed in his remarks at the late Cornell Commencement, upon receiving from the class for the University authorities a cast of a statue of Augustus Cæsar; and after leaving the Michigan University he was elected State Senator from the Onondaga district. In the Senate he met Mr. CORNELL, who was full of his great design of founding a university in which any pupil might find opportunity to study anything, and his idea of its popular character coincided with that of Mr. WHITE.

The conjunction of the two men in the Legislature was most fortunate for the enterprise, which required all the enthusiasm and devotion and practical sagacity and determination of Mr. CORNELL, with the large conception and special knowledge and experience of Mr. WHITE. The result of their united efforts was the prevention of the diffusion and waste of the Congressional grant of 1862, and the establishment of Cornell University. Mr. WHITE was, so to speak, its natural and necessary President, and his term of twenty years covers the most difficult period of its organization. That it took at once a place in the highest rank of such institutions, and did not sink into a mere sectarian or industrial school, is mainly due to the clear view, the tact, and the accomplishment of President WHITE. It is understood that in the selection of his successor the trustees will be governed in great part, and most wisely, by the judgment of the retiring President. The relations between him and the Board are most cordial, and while the trustees sincerely lament the President's resignation, they do not deny that he may fairly ask to be relieved. Amid the general regret of the Cornell alumni and all friends of the University, the trustees have asked Mr. WHITE to accept the appointment of Honorary President, and they will ask the Legislature to amend the charter that he may be elected a trustee for life.

PLEASANT HOLIDAYS.

AMONG the holidays of the summer none will be pleasanter than the day which was devoted to the welcome of the BARTHOLDI statue and the day of celebration of the opening of Niagara freely to the whole people. The gift of the statue, if not in the exact vein of American sentiment, is yet the recognition of friendly feeling, or, more properly, of conduct susceptible of friendly interpretation. It would be foolish to assert that French aid to the struggling colonies was due to sympathy with their revolutionary challenge of sovereign authority. The BOURBON France of 1777 had no admiration for rebels against home supremacy. But France hated England, and still smarting from her overthrow in America in 1759, was willing to weaken British power by aiding the American colonies to break away. But sympathy with colonial rebellion and desire to promote republican government were very far from the French monarchical mind.

Yet the timely aid of men and money, and the chivalric devotion of LAFAYETTE, and the social charms of the French officers, all made an indelible impression, in which the political significance of the French alliance and the French official endeavors to embarrass us in the Treaty of Versailles are quite forgotten, and very wisely. International friendship in the sense of actual sacrifice is unknown. It is enough that France helped us when we sorely needed help; and if we must not look a gift horse in the mouth, how much less, in the presence of the generosity and good feeling displayed in the offering of the statue and the circumstances attending it, are we to scrutinize the motives of the alliance which the statue commemorates!

The opening of Niagara, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled" from all vile obstructions and deformities, is also a national, not a local, event, and of universal interest. Although Governor HILL hesitated long to sign the bill, it will be by far the most memorable event of his administration. It saves to future generations the most sublime natural spectacle in the country. The banks are to be cleared of all disfiguring objects, and restored to a simple natural condition of turf and trees, and the whole reservation is to be opened freely to everybody. This is certainly an event worthy of fitting celebration. It involves, indeed, an expenditure of public money which, under the most rigid application of the doctrine of the limited function of government, could be justified only with difficulty. But, like the post-office, like the common school, it is a public benefit so obvious, and so much more certainly and effectively secured by means of the government, that it may well admonish us of the value of a wise rather than of a strict construction of the powers of government.

GENERAL GRANT.

THE journey of General GRANT from the city to Mr. DREXEL's cottage upon Mount McGregor, some miles north of Saratoga, was attended with universal sympathy, and with the earnest hope of his countrymen that the change of scene and air may be of service to him. The reported incidents of the journey show that his strong will is still supreme, and, so far as is possible, triumphed over the condition of the invalid. But an unfavorable change followed.

The experience of the few last months has proved to General GRANT—what, indeed, needed no proof—how deep and inextinguishable is the national feeling of gratitude and personal regard. Differences of political opinion of every kind have wholly disappeared, and his recent wise and generous expressions of a patriotism which embraces the whole country, and which justly estimates the significance of the great contest in which he and Mr. LINCOLN were the most conspicuous figures, have produced responses of a similar spirit from his old antagonists, and are in themselves another noble service to the country.

After Mr. LINCOLN, General GRANT was the most eminent of Republican Presidents. To many ardent followers, indeed, he was the typical Republican. And certainly the Republican party would be well inspired, and would show once more its old character, if it should be guided by the spirit that he has recently displayed, rather than by that of Mr. BLAINE's Augusta speech. No living American will be longer or more gratefully remembered than General GRANT, whose name is an important part of one of the greatest events of our history.

THE HARVARD ANNEX.

THE experiment of the "Harvard Annex," or the separate pursuit of the University studies by ladies under the instruction of the University professors, is an experiment no longer. It has been so successful that the applications for the next year are more numerous than ever. Yet it is impossible to accommodate more pupils in the present narrow quarters at the disposal of the ladies of the executive committee, of which Mrs. LOUIS AGASSIZ is president, and Miss ALICE M. LONGFELLOW is treasurer, and all of whose members are ladies of the highest intelligence and character, singularly fitted for the supervision of such an enterprise.

The Annex has wholly outgrown its modest suite of four small rooms. Newnham College, the Annex of English Cambridge, opened in 1871 with five students, and its numbers have now increased, in fourteen years, to about one hundred. The American Cambridge Annex opened in 1879 with more than twenty students, and now, at the end of six years, it has more than fifty. This prosperity, however, although agreeable in itself as a complete vindication of the belief that such an opportunity of study was desired, is yet embarrassing. The natural development of the Annex must be arrested, or its accommodations must be increased.

Just at this turning-point in its fortunes a house in Cambridge which is in every way suitable and satisfactory is offered to the Annex upon reasonable terms. It stands pleasantly in a convenient neighborhood, and will furnish proper recitation-rooms, laboratories, and reading-rooms, with ground enough for recreation. The estate can be acquired for twenty thousand dollars, and the Annex has wisely decided to lay its simple and encouraging statement before its friends, and to ask for aid to obtain these new quarters. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss ALICE M. LONGFELLOW, treasurer, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

THE NUISANCE OF STEAM-SCREAMING.

EX-GOVERNOR CORNELL forcibly calls attention to a very great public nuisance, to which he attributes much of the insomnia which is becoming almost a distinctive American malady. This nuisance is the incessant and reckless blowing of locomotive whistles at all times of day and night, and with a total disregard of everything but the convenience or the whim of the railroad or the factory. This violent and constant disturbance of sleep at night, as Governor CORNELL suggests, gradually and unconsciously produces insomnia.

The nuisance was so flagrant in the populous suburbs of Boston that the law very wisely interfered and regulated the pernicious steam-screaming. That it can be stopped altogether is, of course, impossible, but that it can be very seriously diminished is unquestionable. Governor CORNELL says truly that the Railway Commissioners in New York could easily command attention to the subject. It is certainly worth their attention, and by nothing could they commend themselves more cordially to public regard than by an investigation of this abuse, and by judicious recommendations for its regulation to the Legislature.

The steam-screaming of tug-boats is not less an outrage and nuisance to those who live near navigable waters, but it is, of course, much less extensive than the offense of the railway locomotives. But there is no more reason that a constant recurrence of offensive and injurious noises should be tolerated by the community than injurious and offensive smells. Trains should not be permitted to regulate their motions in a way which necessarily rouses and disturbs an entire community, and Governor CORNELL has well called attention to a public abuse which should not be longer tolerated.

PERSONAL.

AT the complimentary dinner to Mr. EDMUND YATES, after his release from prison, Lord BRABOURNE proposed the health of the well-known journalist. In response Mr. YATES characteristically referred to the series of "regrettable incidents" which had led to his confinement, and expressed in warm terms his pride at receiving such a token of esteem.

—The head of the Salvation Army, General BOOTH, publicly announces that the organization is now larger than ever before, notwithstanding the many attempts to thwart its purposes by arresting or otherwise persecuting its members.

—From Mr. RUSKIN's *Autobiography*: "My mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; and to that discipline, patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe not only much of my general power of taking pains, but the best part of my taste in literature. Once knowing the 32d of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishest times of my youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English, and the affectation of trying to write like HOOKER and GEORGE HERBERT was the most innocent I could have fallen into."

—Over two hundred distinct varieties of nuns exist, writes Mrs. M. C. BISHOP, and it must be confessed that the modern anxiety of women to be free of obligation to men may have prompted the foundation of some recent congregations. Wherever Catholic missionaries have planted themselves, nuns are found ready to supplement their labors, no example of ideal life being perfect unless woman stands by the side of man. Nuns are everywhere at work. A colony of nuns from Verona had confronted the Mahdi, and had made ready for martyrdom rather than apostasy, almost before his name was heard of.

—A new poet, in the *National Review*, apostrophizes the late General GORDON as follows:

"Greatest of losers, on the lone peak slain,
Of Alp-like virtue. Not to-day and not
To-morrow shall thy spirit's splendor be
Oblivion's victim; but when God shall find
All human grandeur among men forgot,
Then only shall the world, grown old and blind,
Cease, in her dotage, to remember thee."

—Mr. LABOUCHERE writes that he prefers HENRY IRVING outside of SHAKESPEARE's plays, and as an old man. "I have always thought that Louis XI. is his best part, and I now think that, next to Louis XI., Dr. Primrose, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, is his best part. I have seen so many Hamlets and Macbeths and Othellos and Romeos strut and fret on the stage that I am sick of them. I suppose that I shall be regarded as a very Goth, but I confess, in strictest confidence, that were I told that Shakespeare would never again be acted during the term of my natural life, I should endure the announcement with perfect equanimity."

—The Rev. STUART MUIR, of the Free Church of Scotland (Presbyterian), has got into trouble by allowing himself to be photographed in the act of holding a crucifix. He defended himself before the General Assembly by the plea that neither the Bible nor the Confession of Faith forbade such a practice. If they continued to suspend him, his means of livelihood would cease, and his ghost might be at the next Assembly, but not himself. Drawing from his pocket a small crucifix, he held it up, and described it as the "emblem of my faith in the despised Christ." A great commotion ensued.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has been telling one of his audiences that he admires the poet GRAY all the more for the commonplaceness of the sentiment of his most popular poem. The poet who wishes to speak to all men and all ages must strike the note of commonplace sentiment. Homer appealed to commonplace sentiment when he described Andromache as smiling through her tears at the child, and mankind had remembered the words for three thousand years.

—Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON: "I know you think that the rate at which we soprani are paid is extravagant. But, *mon ami*, we song-birds are rare. You can count all the soprani of the first line on the fingers of one hand. We are competed for, and, according to your natural law of value, fetch a high price, as would a fairly handsome diamond. Besides, the voice of a singer is fleeting. She can not go on singing in her dotage, as a painter can paint."

—General ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, is almost totally blind and in poor health. He has written a letter to say that from his youth he has had the settled conviction that the Christian religion is true, and that it is the duty of every man to repeat daily the Lord's Prayer. He does not think it is a sin to retail spirituous liquors, but advises a friend who asked his views on the subject "to get some other occupation, as soon as you can find one, to support your family."

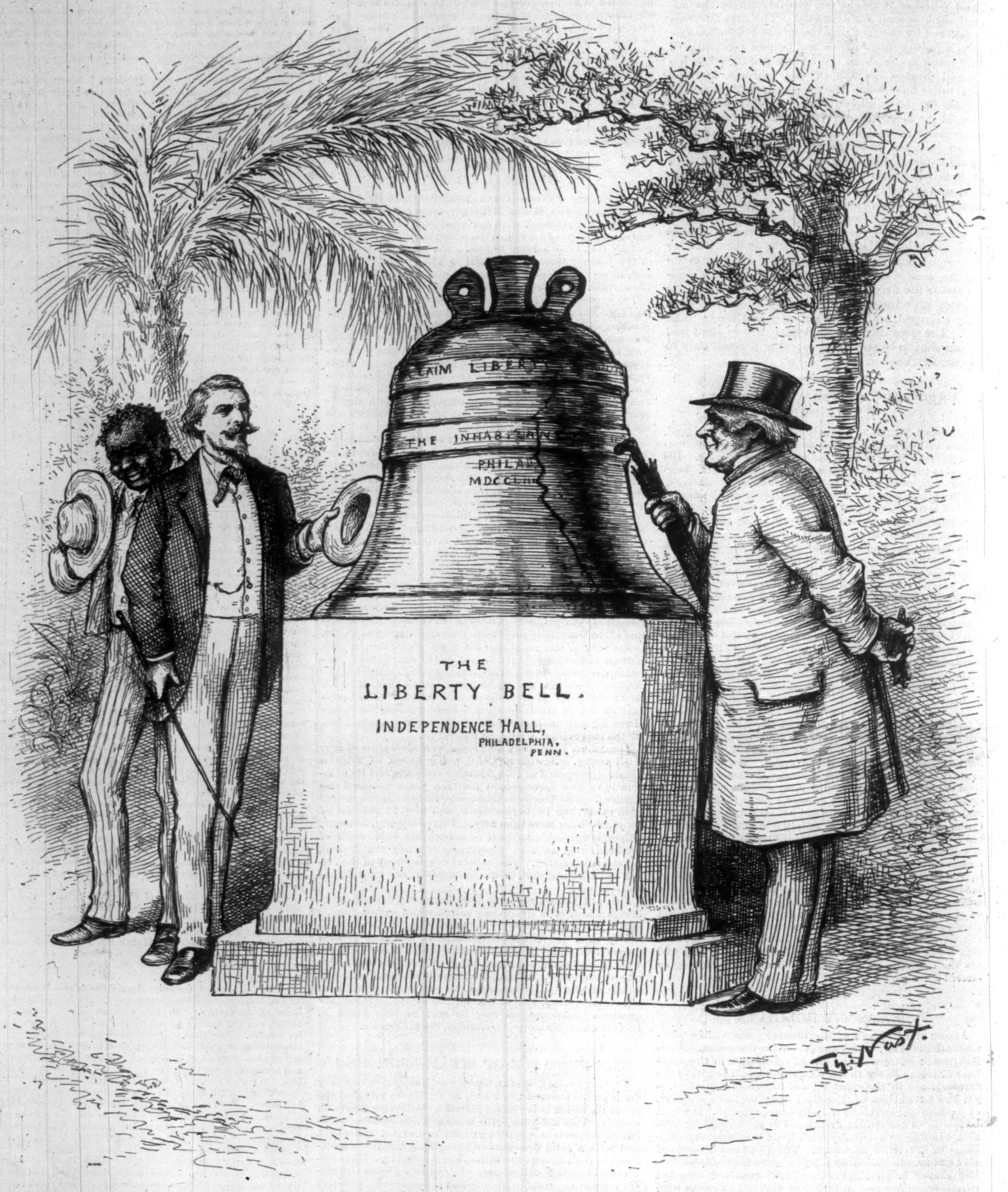
—The old town of Newbury, Massachusetts, recently celebrated its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary. Mr. WHITTIER wrote in honor of the event: "The town took no part in the witchcraft horror, and got none of its old women and town charges hanged for witches. More than two centuries ago, when Major PIKE, just across the river, stood up and denounced in open town-meeting the law against freedom of conscience, and was in consequence fined and outlawed, some of Newbury's best citizens stood bravely by him. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born in Newbury."

—"Stepniak" declares that bribes are as necessary in Russia as in Turkey. They are considered a sort of homage to the agents of authority. The man having a favor to ask who refuses to recognize them is guilty of an act of flat rebellion. The necessity for bribing everybody causes the army contractors to furnish a very poor quality of stores and provisions for the soldiers.

—Miss EMILY FAITHFULL during her recent visit to this country was struck by the fact that whereas in 1836, when HARRIET MARTINEAU was here, only seven occupations were open to women, there are now in Massachusetts alone nearly three hundred, which guarantee to a woman an income of from $100 to $3000 a year.

—The present Queen of Roumania, now forty-two years old, has had a romantic career. She was born in a quaint little white country house on the banks of the Rhine, and was a great romp in girlhood, fond of out-doors and fairy stories, impatient of control, self-reliant, and with an extraordinary poetic talent. Her ambition, after much travel, was to be a teacher, but Prince CHARLES of Hohenzollern, whom she had met during her absence from home, asked her to become his queen. It is fifteen years since she was married. She has seen much sorrow, has written much poetry, and has won much love.

—It would seem, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that "Jimmy" WHISTLER has hitherto persistently—partly through love of mischief, not unmingled, one fears, with a certain scorn for his audience—of set purpose refused to allow himself to be taken seriously, and hitherto we have many of us fallen into his trap. But he is beginning to be found out. It is already an open secret that he is a hard worker and really the most serious scientist in his art. The essence of Mr. WHISTLER's sayings is the unexpected. In life and spirit they match his appearance—lithe, proportionate, wiry. Asked on one occasion if he too intended to go to America and lecture, he replied, "It has been more than once suggested to me, but I find art so absolutely irritating in its effect upon the people that I really hesitate before exasperating another nation."



THE LIBERTY BELL BACK IN ITS BIRTH-PLACE AGAIN.

Now that it has proclaimed Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof, it is *perfectly at home.*

GENERAL GRANT AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

On Tuesday, the 16th of June, General Grant took his long-contemplated journey, in search of the invigorating air of the hills, from his home in East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, to the new cottage of his friend Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga. Every stage of the journey was watched with an intensity of public interest which vividly recalls that other memorable journey made four years ago by President Garfield from Washington to Elberon.

As the bent and wasted form of the illustrious soldier slowly moved on Tuesday morning from his house to his carriage, a murmur of pity and respect came from the by-standers. With the indomitable will that has sustained him for months in his struggle with disease and death, he insisted on walking alone, after alighting at the Forty-fifth Street end of the Grand Central Station. The well-appointed special train, with a car for his family and another for himself and his attendants, quickly sped away, and at station after station on the route knots of people were found gathered to wave a greeting and godspeed. At West Point he beckoned to Dr. Douglas, and with a smile motioned toward the Military Academy, the starting-point of his great career, as though the sight of it was dear to him. Till the last outline of its surroundings had passed out of view his gaze was fixed upon the spot.

At Albany, reached soon after noon, there were more throngs of well-wishers; at Mechanicsville the station was gay with flags; near Saratoga a Grand Army Post was assembled in full uniform; but everywhere the eloquent silence was unbroken by cheering. From a point near Saratoga a winding journey of ten or eleven miles on a narrow-gauge railroad led to the top of Mount McGregor, and from the train he was carried in a sedan-chair a hundred yards to the hospitable cottage that had been placed at his disposal. A sketch of the invalid soldier seated on the piazza is given on the next page.

Mount McGregor is apparently a spur of the Adirondack system, about a dozen miles from Saratoga, a thousand feet above the plateau on which this town stands. The cottage which General Grant occupies has been arranged with everything to secure the invalid's comfort. Its lofty situation makes it airy even in the fiery days of midsummer. From a point near by a beautiful landscape delights the eye—the undulating, fertile country all around, with the horizon broken on the one hand by the Green Mountains and on the other by the Adirondacks.

At Mount McGregor the General, if all goes well, intends to remain until the 1st of August, and then to go to the Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskills. The good wishes of all his countrymen will be with him, and every bulletin from his country home be watched with anxiety and interest.

THE LATE PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA, "THE RED PRINCE."
[SEE PAGE 411.]

WILLIAM L. ALDEN, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO ITALY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.

THE NEW CONSUL-GENERAL TO ITALY.

WILLIAM L. ALDEN, the newly appointed Consul-General at Rome, is a son of the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH ALDEN, formerly a professor in Williams College and at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania—where his son was educated—and more recently President of the State Normal College at Albany. Mr. ALDEN studied law in the office of Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, and for three or four years he practiced his profession in this city, but afterward adopted the vocation of journalism, becoming a member successively of the editorial staffs of the *World*, the *Graphic*, and the *Times*. With the latter journal he has been connected for some twelve years, contributing to it the humorous articles which are so well known and so much admired by all readers of the *Times*. Two collections of Mr. ALDEN's articles have been made in book form, and he is the author also of five volumes published by HARPER & BROTHERS: *The Moral Pirates*, *The Cruise of the "Ghost,"* *The Cruise of the Canoe Club*, *The Canoe and the Flying Proa*, and *The Adventures of Jimmy Brown*. Mr. ALDEN is an enthusiastic canoeist, having been one of the founders of the New York Canoe Club, and the first Commodore of the National Canoeing Association. He has made five visits to Italy, and has lived there for two years in all. This residence, and the command of the Italian language which has resulted from it, constitute his special qualifications for the Italian consulate-general. The announcement of Mr. ALDEN's appointment has been received with very general and hearty commendation.

GENERAL GRANT AT MOUNT McGREGOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RECORD & EPLER, SARATOGA, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 404.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

HERIOT had an old and faithful servant who had been with him since his college days, had accompanied him in all his wanderings, had nursed him through many illnesses, and had ended by becoming his friend and to some extent also his confidant. A few hours after Adrian had left him he sent for this man and said: "Sit down here, Graves, beside me; I want to have a talk with you."

"Better let me get you to bed, sir," answered Graves, after scrutinizing his master's face. "You've had about enough talking for one day, if you 'ain't had too much. That there Mr. Vidal, he comes here and he sets and he sets just as if you was made of cast iron. I was very near knocking at the door and sending of him away this afternoon, I can tell you."

"Come, now, Graves, you can't accuse him of having given me too much of his company lately."

"No; that he 'ain't!" growled Graves, who was not particularly devoted to his master's friend. "He don't trouble himself so much as to inquire at the door for weeks together, and when he do come there's no getting rid of him. He's tired you out, that's plain enough to see. Now if you please, sir, you'll just go to bed and let me read you to sleep. Here's the evening paper just come in, with a leading article that would send you off beautiful in five minutes."

"I have no doubt it would, if anything would; but I don't want to go to sleep just yet. Sit down, as I tell you, and don't irritate me. The doctor particularly said that I was not to be irritated. How old are you, Graves?"

"Let me see," murmured Graves. "Forty-six—forty-eight—yes, sir, I'm as near eight-and-forty as it makes no difference."

"Are you, really? Well, now, don't you think that at eight-and-forty it is about time for a young fellow to begin to contemplate marriage?"

"No, sir," answered Graves, with a decisive shake of his head. "I don't. I know what married servants is, and I hope I know my duty to my employer. No incumbrances for me, thank you."

"But what about your duty to Mrs. Anderson? How long is it that you have been keeping company with her? Twenty years?"

"Scarcely so much, I think, sir; but that don't make no odds. She knows I ain't one to change. She don't want to go running off to church at once, like a house-maid who's afraid of her sweetheart giving her the slip; and if she did, want would have to be her master. I've told her often enough that I'm not going to leave you so long as you need me. 'And,' says I, 'if that don't suit you, mum, why, you're welcome to look elsewhere.'"

"That was rather ungallant of you, Graves. Poor Mrs. Anderson may be excused for being a little impatient after such a number of years, and I am glad to think that her patience won't be tried much longer. My time is nearly up, Graves."

"It ain't nothing of the sort, sir."

"Graves, I thought you had more sense. I am at the point of death, and you know it. That is why I want you to tell me what you will do after I am gone."

"I ain't going to speak about no such thing, sir—nor yet think about it," returned the man.

"My dear old friend, do you suppose I don't know that you will be sorry to lose me? But we must part, you see; it can't be helped; and I should like to have some idea of what your future is to be. Do you think of lodgings, for instance?"

"Well, sir," answered Graves, reluctantly, "Mrs. Anderson, she have spoken of it; but my own notion was occasional waiting. It ain't wealth; but it's a small certainty, and it don't entail no risk. Now I've known a great number of men as has left service and taken to letting lodgings, but I never knowed one yet as had capital enough to start clear. What with the crushing rent you have to pay in Mayfair or Belgravia, for it ain't much good to go anywhere else, and what with the cost of furnishing, you're a lucky man if you ever manage to pay off your debts; that's my experience."

"Yes; but of course you know that I shall leave you something. Don't protest: I am sure that you have never wished that I should die; only you must, in common prudence, have counted upon coming into some additional capital at my death. And what I wanted to say to you was that I have had you put down in my will for a sufficient sum to pay for furniture and to give you a small income, but not quite sufficient to keep you in idleness. A man without an occupation is a miserable man, Graves."

"There's no doubt of it, sir."

"Do you remember how, in Spain and Italy, and all those southern countries, we used to watch the people sitting for hours together in the sun doing nothing; and how we used to wonder what they were thinking of all the time?"

"They was thinking of no good, sir, that you may depend," answered Graves. "A pack of cut-throat villains, the whole lot of 'em—Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, there ain't a pin to choose. When they ain't thinking of a murder or a robbery, it's long odds that they're thinking about nothing at all."

"Well," said Heriot, smiling, "I dare say they often contrive to have no thoughts. They have raised laziness to the level of a fine art; they are satisfied to exist, and don't know what boredom is. It isn't so with us northern people. We have no sun worth speaking of to sit in, and we must be doing something, or else we lose our spirits and our health. I have never been fit to follow an occupation myself; but I have very frequently felt the want of one. In spite of books and friends and such interests as I could create for myself, I haven't always been able to fill up the hours; and I shouldn't feel that I was doing any man a kindness by making him altogether independent of work."

"I don't think you would, sir."

"Yet when one has a good deal of money to leave, and only a few people to leave it to, one is a little puzzled. You see, there is a certain class of persons who would work all the better, perhaps, if their daily bread didn't actually depend upon it. Artists, for instance, and—and authors. If a man is in a hurry to get his job done and be paid, he can't give as much time as he ought to detail and finish; and therefore I think that, to enable him to show himself at his best, one should try to place him out of the reach of money worries. Don't you see what I mean?"

"Maybe I do, sir; but there's some authors as isn't fit to be trusted with much money, in my opinion. Some authors would do a deal better if the money was settled on their wives—and tied up tight, too."

"That idea has occurred to me, but I have seen some objections to it. The question, after all, is rather one of amount than of mode of bequest. Now tell me honestly, Graves—because there may be time for me to alter my will yet—what should you say was a satisfactory sum, neither too much nor too little, for a man in your position to inherit?"

Graves looked distressed. "If you please, sir, I'd rather not name a figure. I hope it 'll be many a long day before I inherit anything from you, and I believe I've saved enough to keep my head above-water without any legacies."

"Yes; but you wouldn't gratify Mrs. Anderson by taking lodgings unless you had rather more capital, and I don't fancy the occasional waiting business for you. This isn't a subject about which you need feel the slightest delicacy; for what doesn't go to you and to one or two other persons after my death will go to charities. Would £5000 be enough, do you think?"

"Too much, sir, by half."

"I shouldn't like to make it less. One must allow a margin for contingencies; and it is possible, though I hope it isn't at all likely, that your lodgings might turn out a failure. So that is what you will get, Graves—that and a few trifles that I thought you might like to have as reminders of an old friend. And now about the other bequests. What would be your notion of the proper income for a literary gentleman who had better not be too rich and certainly ought not to be poor?"

"In addition to what he has got already, do you mean?"

Heriot nodded.

"Five or six hundred a year, sir," replied Graves, without the least hesitation.

"What! for a married man who may have a large family? I thought you would have put it at quite double that amount. To tell you the truth, I have made it rather more than double, and I am not sure that I haven't been stingy."

Graves shook his head. "I should have liked to have seen it settled on the lady, sir," said he.

"Be satisfied, then," returned Heriot, laughing; "half of it *is* settled on the lady. My old friend, Mrs. Irvine, will come into a round sum—you won't object to that, I suppose—and then there is that Children's Hospital that Mrs. Vidal is interested in; I thought she would be glad that it should be remembered. All the rest goes to different charities. There! I've altered my will I don't know how often, and I've given no end of bother to the lawyers; but I doubt whether I shall bother them again. Graves, you have known me a long time; you knew me before I was an invalid; you have been with me since I began to suffer, all those years ago, and you have seen me in pain and out of spirits and out of temper—"

"Never!" burst out Graves, suddenly. "Never seed you out of temper once, I'll swear!"

"Haven't you?" said Heriot, consideringly. "Perhaps not; perhaps I haven't shown it in the ordinary way. And now tell me, do you think that, upon the whole, I have borne it all like a man?"

Something prevented Graves from answering at once; but presently he said, in a gruff voice, "Yes, you've bore it like a man."

"Well, do you know, Graves, that is what I think myself. I hope it isn't arrogant. A soldier, you know, who has been through several campaigns and hasn't shirked death or wounds is entitled to call himself a brave man. You may say that he has no business to brag, because he has only done his duty, and he would have been a very despicable being if he had run away; still, I think it must sometimes be a satisfaction to him to be able to say to himself, 'Anyhow, I am not a coward.' That is the way that I look at my life. I haven't been a coward, though I have often enough felt afraid. Lately I have felt more afraid than I used; the machine is worn out, you see."

He was silent for a minute or two, and then added, "Mr. and Mrs. Vidal will be here to-morrow afternoon; you must tell them that I don't feel well enough to see them. I shall never see them again. After keeping up for so long, it would not do to run the risk of breaking down at the finish, and giving them a painful recollection of me, and I feel as if I were losing hold of myself. Well, I think I'll go to bed now, Graves."

Graves got up, without replying, and began to bustle about; but all of a sudden he stopped in the midst of his preparations, stood still for a moment, and then hurried off into the adjoining room, where he had slept during his master's illness, slamming the door behind him.

Heriot was off the sofa and after him in a moment. He found the man sitting in the dark, with his face buried in his hands, and sobbing like a baby.

"Why, Graves, what's the matter? What an old fool you are!" he exclaimed, laughing, though his own voice was a little unsteady. "You mustn't do this sort of thing, you know. Didn't you hear the doctor say that I was to be spared all agitation?"

"What do you go to upset me for, then?" returned the other, angrily. "You've no regard for a man's feelings. Now you won't find me making a fool of myself like this again; so I tell you. And you'll just please let me get you to bed, sir, and stop talking. It's enough to give any one an illness to go on like you've been doing to-night."

Graves continued to grumble under his breath until his master was between the sheets, when he reverted to the leading article which he had recommended before as a soporific, and proposed to begin reading it aloud. But Heriot answered that he thought he could get to sleep without that.

"Good-night, Graves," he said, holding out his wasted hand. "I'm sorry that I distressed you just now; but I couldn't help it. It had to be said some time. And, Graves, if the pain comes on in the night and you hear me call out, you'll come in at once with the medicine, won't you?"

Graves nodded. "You sha'n't have to wait, sir. But you'll have a quiet night, please God. Your eyes look heavy, and I think you're going to sleep well."

And so it proved. Several times after this Graves returned, and was re-assured by the sound of slow and regular breathing. Then, being a light sleeper, and knowing that the slightest sound would awaken him, he lay down and took a few hours of rest. He was not disturbed; but when, with the first glimmer of dawn, he stole on tiptoe into his master's room, there was nothing but stillness and emptiness there. Upon the bed, as if in slumber, lay what had once been called Heriot; but the real Heriot, having faithfully performed the task allotted to him in this world of pain and weariness, had received his message of recall during the night, and silently responding to it, had passed away to "the land where all things are forgotten."

CHAPTER XLV.

NEW LEAVES.

IT was on a sunny, hazy afternoon in the autumn that Adrian and Clare wandered out to the headland overlooking Polruth Bay, where one of them had been wont to sit in days gone by and amuse herself with dreams which time had only in part fulfilled. As she sat down in the old place now, she seemed to see before her a future less romantic, perhaps, but more assured and more peaceful. She had lived and learned, and had gained something and lost something by that process, as all must. The events of the past two years had changed her both outwardly and inwardly more than they had changed her husband, who had stretched himself upon the turf at her feet, and was unrolling one of a number of architectural drawings which he had brought with him. This paper, labelled "South Elevation," he spread out and secured by placing stones on its four corners, and then:

"Just look here a moment, will you, Clare?" he said. "You see, here's the front door, with the dining-room windows on one side and the library on the other. He calls it south; but I've been over the ground, and it isn't south a bit; it's as nearly as possible southwest. Now the question is whether, when there's a gale (which, I suppose, will be about every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during the winter) we shall be able to use our front door at all without having all our teeth blown down our throats."

"When there is a gale we will use the back door," answered Clare; "but it is a great mistake to imagine that there are more gales in Cornwall than anywhere else. If it does happen to blow, it blows rather hard, that is all. And during the winter the front door will be locked, because we shall be in London."

"Shall we, indeed? And where are we going to live in London, if it isn't an impertinent question?"

"In our own house, of course. Adrian, did you really suppose that I contemplated planting you down in Cornwall for the rest of your days?"

"My dear girl, wealthy as we are, I don't think we can quite afford to have two houses, and if it is a question between Cornwall and London, I give my vote for Cornwall without hesitation."

"Then I give mine for London. It would not make me at all happy to have my own way in everything. This house is only being built to please me, and I should never enjoy living in it if I felt the whole time that I was keeping you away from your friends and your club and all the amusements that you are accustomed to. You know you hate the country."

"That is just where you are mistaken, my dear. I love the country. I suppose no man ever was more sick of a place than I am of London, and I decided to have a house hereabouts, because I happen to prefer Cornwall to any other county in England. As for this particular house, I take it that it is being built, not to please either you or me, but to please your mother, who in an evil hour fell in with 'the most promising young architect you ever saw,' and of course had to find some employment for him, since nobody else seemed to be disposed to give him any. As far as I can judge, there is considerably more promise than performance about him. If he ever carries out his fell designs, we shall find ourselves the proud possessors of the ugliest and most incommodious dwelling in England. I have been studying his features, which seem to express a happy combination of knavery and stupidity; and I have been wondering whether it might not be worth while to pay him a certain sum in advance, upon the chance of his bolting off with the money and never being heard of again."

Clare laughed. "Considering that you are his employer," she remarked, "I should think you might venture to dismiss him without tempting him to rob you. Are you going to let your wife and your mother-in-law reduce you to a state of slavery? Georgina thinks that is your only chance. Did I tell you that I had a letter from her this morning? She assures me that since her marriage she has become more than ever convinced that either the husband or the wife should be a benevolent despot, and that the one whose will is strongest should always be placed in command."

"Oh, indeed. And has she discovered that De Wynt's strength of will is phenomenal?"

"So she says; and as she has no doubt at all about my will being stronger than yours, she concludes that you must be made to obey, or else we shall both suffer for it. Her view is— But after all I don't think I will repeat her view to you," said Clare, with a slight laugh.

But Adrian lifted his handsome, young face, upon which care had left no faintest indication of its passage, and looked up at his wife, smiling. "Let us hear her view," he said. "It is always amusing and sometimes profitable to be told what other people think of us."

"What she thinks is not amusing," answered Clare. "She says that we are not suited to one another, and that you will never understand me, nor I you. It isn't true, though. You don't think it is true, do you, Adrian?"

"My dear Clare, do you believe that one human being ever did completely understand another? As to our not being suited to each other, surely we may be allowed to be the best judges of that. I remember poor old Heriot saying the same thing to me once. It was long ago—before we were married."

"Did he?" asked Clare, a look of pain coming over her face.

"But he changed his mind afterward—I am sure he did. I often wish that he could see us now. And yet, I don't know—it seems rather cruel that we should be happy, and that we should be making plans and discussing what we shall do with his money, and seeming to forget him—though we don't really forget. I wonder whether he would have approved of our establishing ourselves down here? I wonder what he thought our future would be?"

The secret which Heriot had kept so long and so well had been duly divulged to Clare, in accordance with his wish; but it had hardly affected her so painfully as it would have done had she realized its full meaning. Heriot, during his lifetime, had never seemed to her to be a man who could love or be loved in that particular way, nor could she feel that his love for her had been anything more than what he himself had called it—a dream. Perhaps the uppermost feeling in her mind was one of thankfulness that she had not been told sooner; and it is not improbable that Heriot may have foreseen that this would be so.

Adrian, who was pulling up tufts of the sweet-smelling herbage and crushing them between his fingers, did not answer for a minute or two. He had felt Heriot's death more, perhaps, than Clare had done; he certainly missed his friend more than she did; but he hated all painful topics, and could not speak about them without an effort.

"That queer fellow, Graves, gave me an account of a long talk that he had with his master the last evening that they were together," he remarked, presently. "The man told it very well; I could fancy that I heard poor old Heriot's voice. His wish seems to have been that we should be well enough off to be independent, but that I should not fancy myself too rich to work. Well, I have no thought of giving up work; only I sha'n't write any more novels."

"Oh, Adrian, why not? Not because the last one didn't succeed quite so well as the one before?"

"That wouldn't be a bad reason. One ends by finding out what one can do and what one can't. I might go on writing novels indefinitely, and by taking pains I might, I think, always manage to attract a certain number of readers; but no amount of pains would ever lift me into the front ranks of novelists. I have the descriptive faculty, but I haven't the creative; and that is like saying of a painter that he is an excellent copyist. You can make a living by copying; it's a vocation like another; but I can't conceive any one adopting it unless with a view to making a living. Now I am not obliged to work for my living any more. We have what I suppose may be called a comfortable competence, and I think I am entitled to take up a kind of employment which may never bring me in any money at all, and which at all events can't do so for a considerable time."

"What kind of employment do you mean?" asked Clare, wonderingly.

"I am going to write a history. Don't open your eyes at me; it isn't such a wild piece of presumption as it sounds. Do you know why there are comparatively few historians? Why, simply because very few literary men can afford to wait an indefinite time for payment. What, after all, are the qualifications of a historian? Accuracy and diligence, to begin with. Everybody can be accurate and diligent if he will. After that, he should have a pleasant style, he should be able to sift the grain from the chaff, and he should know how to put life into the personages whom he describes. Now, between ourselves, and as nobody is listening to us, I don't mind saying candidly that I believe I possess these gifts in some measure. I may not be a Gibbon or a Macaulay—"

"I don't see why you should not be," interrupted Clare; and indeed she spoke with perfect sincerity.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

"But without aiming quite so high as that, one may perhaps earn a little credit for one's self and spend a few years very pleasantly in erecting a monument which may or may not prove more perennial than bronze. I've decided upon my subject; I mean to take the period of the First Empire. I shall not call it a life of Napoleon, though of course his will be the central figure; but just think of the list of his contemporaries! Pitt, Fox, Wellington, Talleyrand, Goethe, Madame De Staël—there's no end to them. And then the materials that one has to work upon! One's great difficulty will be the boiling of them down. Now I know what you are going to say; it isn't new ground. But what of that? The history of such a period is always new; no one writer can exhaust all that there is to be said about it. Besides, I haven't any very formidable rivals. The *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* is a tolerably well-known book, but how many English people have read it, do you suppose?"

"I have not," answered Clare.

"You will have it to read now," Adrian said, laughing. "For years to come your days will be passed among the dead. I shall get you to take notes for me, and to write from dictation, and to do a hundred other disagreeable things; and every now and then we shall have to go up to London to consult authorities. That will be better fun than having a house there, won't it? Of course, too, we shall have to visit Paris at intervals—not to speak of Italy and Spain and every battle-field from Waterloo to the Borodino. Do you know, Clare, I believe we shall be inconsolable when this great work is completed."

Clare allowed herself to be gained by her husband's enthusiasm. New horizons opened out before her as he talked on; she saw herself becoming his companion, his helpmate, and his friend, and acknowledged to herself that such a life was at least more useful and dignified than the existence of perpetual love-making, which she had once longed for and still regretted a little. She was beginning, "I wouldn't change places with any woman living now," when her sentence was interrupted by the sudden appearance of her mother, who was seen hurrying up the slope in a state of much agitation and breathlessness.

"Oh, here you are!" panted Mrs. Irvine. "I have been looking for you everywhere to tell you of a most painful thing that has happened. I have just heard that that wretched young man has been arrested at Bodmin on a charge of embezzlement. Is it not too heart-rending?"

"I have no doubt that I should feel it to be so," answered Adrian, to whom this appeal seemed to be addressed, "if I knew who the wretched young man was. Can it be—but no; that would be too good to be true. It isn't our friend the architect?"

Mrs. Irvine nodded solemnly. "It is, indeed; and I feel that I shall never be able to believe in the honesty of any distressed person again."

"Oh yes, you will," said Adrian, encouragingly. "I will venture to predict that the very next distressed person who turns up will command your full confidence. Only I do trust that no more casual architects will appear in these parts until Clare and I have got a roof over our heads."

"You need have no fear," replied Mrs. Irvine, who had taken her son-in-law's arm, and was leading him down toward the village. "If a hundred architects were to come and beg me to find employment for them, I should tell them that they might as well talk to one of their own stone walls as to me. I have been taken in too often. Do you remember how poor dear Mr. Heriot used to laugh at me about the people whom I had tried to befriend and who had turned out badly? I always maintained that I had been exceptionally unlucky in my experiences; but I am beginning to see that there are more rogues than honest folk in the world. I shall turn over a new leaf now, and subscribe to the Charity Organization Society."

"We are all going to turn over new leaves," Adrian remarked. "You are going to give up indiscriminate charity; Mr. Irvine is going to give up enriching the curiosity-dealers; Georgina is going to give up savage life; and Clare and I are going to give up writing novels and frequenting fashionable society, and—and other things which it is unnecessary to specify. I wonder whether all of us, or any of us, will keep our resolutions?"

And then, as Mrs. Irvine, who had paused to exchange greetings with an ancient mariner, was evidently not attending to him, he turned to his wife and said, "What do you think, Clare?"

"Perhaps if we keep the resolutions that you didn't mention, it will be sufficient," she answered.

THE END.

MARUJA.*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

He was half reclining on the bench, with the slowly closing and opening lids of some tired but watchful animal, when the sound of wheels, voices, and clatter of hoofs on the highway arrested his attention, and he sat upright. The moon was slowly lifting itself over the limitless stretch of grain fields before him on the other side of the road, and dazzling him with its level lustre. He could barely discern a cavalcade of dark figures and a large vehicle rapidly approaching, before it drew up tumultuously in front of the fonda. It was a pleasure party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in a four-horsed char à bancs returning to La Mision Perdida. Buchanan, Raymond, and Garnier were there; Amita and Dorotea in the body of the char à bancs, and Maruja seated on the box. Much to his own astonishment and that of some others of the party, Captain Carroll was among the riders. Only Maruja and her mother knew that he was recalled to refute a repetition of the gossip already circulated regarding his sudden withdrawal; only Maruja alone knew the subtle words which made that recall so potent yet so hopeless.

Maruja's quick eyes, observant of everything, even under the double fire of Captain Carroll and Garnier, instantly caught those of the erect figure on the bench in the veranda. Surely that was the face of the tramp she had spoken to, and yet there was a change, not only in the dress, but in the general resemblance. After the first glance, Guest withdrew his eyes and gazed at the other figures in the char à bancs without moving a muscle.

Maruja's whims and caprices were many and original, and when, after a sudden little cry and a declaration that she could stand her cramped position no longer, she leaped from the box into the road, no one was surprised. Garnier and Captain Carroll quickly followed.

"I should like to look into the fonda while the horses are being watered," she said, laughingly, "just to see what it is that attracts Pereo there so often." Before any one could restrain this new caprice, she was already upon the veranda.

To reach the open door she had to pass so near Guest that her soft white flounces brushed his knees, and the flowers in her girdle left their perfume in his face. But he neither moved nor raised his eyes. When she had passed, he rose quietly and stepped into the road.

On her nearer survey, Maruja was convinced it was the same man. She remained for an instant with a little hand on the door-post. "What a horrid place, and what dreadful people!" she said, in audible English, as she glanced quickly after Guest. "Really Pereo ought to be warned against keeping such company. Come, let us go."

She contrived to pass Guest again in regaining the carriage; but in the few moments' further delay he walked on down the road before them, and by the time they were ready to start, he was slowly sauntering some hundred yards ahead. They passed him at a rapid trot, but the next moment the char à bancs was suddenly pulled up.

"My fan!" cried Maruja. "Blessed Santa Maria! my fan!"

A small black object, seen distinctly in the moonlight, was lying on the road directly in the track of the sauntering stranger. Garnier attempted to alight; Carroll reined in his horse.

"Stop, all of you!" said Maruja. "That man will bring it to me."

It seemed as if he would. He stopped and picked it up, and approached the carriage. Maruja stood up in her seat, with her veil thrown back, her graceful hand extended, her eyes and mouth tremulous with an irresistible smile. The stranger came nearer, singled out Captain Carroll, tossed the fan to him, with a slight nod, and passed on the other side.

"One moment," said Maruja, almost harshly, to the driver—"one moment," she continued, drawing her purse from her pocket brusquely; "let me reward this civil gentleman of the road. Here, sir—" but before she could continue, Carroll wheeled to her side and interposed.

"Pray collect yourself, Miss Saltonstall," he said, hurriedly; "you can not tell who this man may be. He does not seem to be one who would insult you, or whom *you* would insult gratuitously."

"Give me the fan, Captain Carroll," she said, with a soft and caressing smile. "Thank you." She took it, and breaking it through the middle between her gloved hands, tossed it into the highway. "You are right; it smells of the fonda and the road. Thank you again. You are so thoughtful for me, Captain Carroll," she murmured, raising her eyes gently to his, and then suddenly withdrawing them, with a half sigh. "But I am keeping you all. Go on."

The carriage rolled away, and Guest returned from the hedge to the middle of the road. San José lay in the opposite direction from the disappearing cavalcade, but on leaving the fonda he had determined to lead his inquisitors astray by doubling and making a circuit of the hostelry through the fields hidden in the tall grain. This he did, securely passing them within sound of their voices, and was soon well on his way again. He avoided the highway, and striking a trail through the meadows, diverged to the right, where the low towers and brown walls of a ruined mission church rose above the plain. This would enable him to escape any direct pursuit on the high-road, besides, from its slight elevation, giving him a more extended view of the plain. As he neared it he was surprised to see that, although it was partly dismantled, and the roof had fallen in the central aisle, a part of it was still used as a chapel, and a light was burning behind a narrow opening, partly window and partly shrine. He was almost upon it when the figure of a man who had been kneeling beneath, with his back toward him, rose, crossed himself devoutly, and stood upright. Before he could turn, Guest disappeared round the angle of the wall, and the tall erect figure of the solitary worshipper passed on without heeding him.

But if Guest had been successful in evading the observation of the man he had come so suddenly upon, he was utterly unconscious of another figure that had been tracking *him* for the last ten minutes through the tall grain, and had even succeeded in gaining the shadow of the wall behind him; and it was this figure and not his own that eventually attracted the attention of the tall stranger. The pursuing figure was rapidly approaching the unconscious Guest; in another moment it would have been upon him, when it was suddenly seized from behind by the tall devotee. There was a momentary struggle, and then it freed itself, with the exclamation, "Pereo!"

"Yes, Pereo!" said the old man, panting from his exertions. "And thou art Miguel. So thou wouldst murder a man for a few pesos!" he said, pointing to the knife which the desperado had hurriedly hid in his jacket, "and callest thyself a Californian!"

"'Tis only an Americano—a runaway, with some ill-gotten gold," said Miguel, sullenly, yet with unmistakable fear of the old man. "Besides, it was only to frighten him, the braggart. But since thou fearest to touch a hair of those interlopers—"

"Fearest!" said Pereo, fiercely, clutching him by the throat, and forcing him against the wall. "Fearest! sayest thou. I, Pereo, fear? Dost thou think I would soil these hands, that might strike a higher quarry, with blood of thy game?"

"Forgive me, padrono," gasped Miguel, now thoroughly alarmed at the old man's awakened passion. "Pardon; I meant that, since thou knowest him—"

"I know him?" repeated Pereo, scornfully, contemptuously throwing Miguel aside, who at once took that opportunity to increase his distance from the old man's arm. "I know him? Thou shalt see. Come hither, child," he called, beckoning to Guest. "Come hither, thou hast nothing to fear now."

Guest, who had been attracted by the sound of altercation behind him, but who was utterly unconscious of its origin or his own relation to it, came forward impatiently. As he did so, Miguel took to his heels. The act did not tend to mollify Guest's surly suspicions, and pausing a few feet from the old man, he roughly demanded his business with him.

Pereo raised his head with the dignity of years and habits of command. The face of the young man confronting him was clearly illuminated by the moonlight. Pereo's eyes suddenly dilated, his mouth stiffened, he staggered back against the wall.

"Who are you?" he gasped, in uncertain English.

Believing himself the subject of some drunkard's pastime, Guest replied, savagely, "One who has enough of this d——d nonsense, and will stand no more of it from any one, young or old," and turned abruptly on his heel.

"Stay one moment, señor, for the love of God!"

Some keen accent of agony in the old man's voice touched even Guest's selfish nature. He halted.

"You are—a stranger here?" faltered Pereo. "Yes?"

"I am."

"You do not live here?—you have no friends?"

"I told you I am a stranger. I never was here before in my life," said Guest, impatiently.

"True; I am a fool," said the old man, hurriedly, to himself. "I am mad—mad! It is not *his* voice. No! It is not *his* look, now that his face changes. I am crazy." He stopped, and passed his trembling hands across his eyes. "Pardon, señor," he continued, recalling himself with a humility that was almost ironical in its extravagance. "Pardon, pardon! Yet perhaps it is not too much to have wanted to know who was the man one has saved."

"Saved!" repeated Guest, with incredulous contempt.

"Ay!" said Pereo, haughtily, drawing his figure erect—"ay, saved! señor." He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "But let it pass—I say let it pass. Take an old man's advice, friend; show not your gold hereafter to strangers lightly, no matter how lightly you have come by it. Good-night!"

Guest for a moment hesitated whether to resent the old man's speech, or let it pass as the incoherent fancy of a brain maddened by drink. Then he ended the discussion by turning his back abruptly and continuing his way to the high-road.

"So!" said Pereo, looking after him with abstracted eyes—"so! it was only a fancy. And yet—even now, as he turned away, I saw the same cold insolence in his eye. Caramba! Am I mad—mad—that I must keep forever before my eyes, night and day, the image of that dog in every outcast, every ruffian, every way-side bully that I meet? No, no, good Pereo! Softly! this is mere madness, good Pereo," he murmured to himself; "thou wilt have none of it; none, good Pereo. Come, come!" He let his head fall slowly forward on his breast, and in that action, seeming to take up again the burden of a score more years upon his shoulders, he moved slowly away.

When he entered the fonda half an hour later, the awe in which he was held by the half-superstitious ruffians appeared to have increased. Whatever story the fugitive Miguel had told his companions regarding Pereo's protection of the young stranger, it was certain that it had its full effect. Obsequious to the last degree, the landlord was so profoundly touched, when Pereo, not displeased with this evidence of his power over his countrymen, condescendingly offered to click glasses with him, that he endeavored to placate him still further.

"It is a pity your worship was not here earlier," he began, with a significant glance at the others, "to have seen a gallant young stranger that was here. A spice of wickedness about him, truly—a kind of Don Cæsar—but bearing himself like a very caballero always. It would have pleased your worship, who likes not those canting Puritans such as our neighbor yonder."

"Ah," said Pereo, reflectively, warming under the potent fires of flattery and aguardiente, "possibly I have seen him. He was like—"

"Like none of the dogs thou hast seen about San Antonio," interrupted the landlord. "Scarcely did he seem Americano, though he spoke no Spanish."

The old man chuckled to himself viciously. "And thou, thou old fool, Pereo, must needs see a likeness to thine enemy in this poor runaway child—this fugitive Don Juan! He! he!" Nevertheless he still felt a vague terror of the condition of mind which had produced this fancy, and drank so deeply to dispel his nervousness that it was with difficulty he could mount his horse again. The exaltation of liquor, however, appeared only to intensify his characteristics; his face became more lugubrious and melancholy, his manner more ceremonious and dignified; and, erect and stiff in his saddle from the waist upward, but leaning from side to side with the motion of his horse, like the tall mast of some laboring sloop, he "loped" away toward the House of the Lost Mission. Once or twice he broke into sentimental song. Strangely enough, his ditty was a popular Spanish refrain of some matador's aristocratic inamorata:

"Do you see my black eyes?
I am Manuel's Duchess,"

sang Pereo, with infinite gravity. His horse's hoofs seemed to keep time with the refrain, and he occasionally waved in the air the long leather thong of his bridle-rein.

It was quite late when he reached La Mision Perdida. Turning into the little lane that led to the stable-yard, he dismounted at a gate in the hedge which led to the summer-house of the old Mission garden, and throwing his reins on his mustang's neck, let the animal precede him to the stables. The moon shone full on the inclosure as he emerged from the labyrinth. With uncovered head he approached the Indian mound, and sank on his knees before it.

The next moment he rose with an exclamation of terror, and his hat dropped from his trembling hand. Directly before him a small, gray, wolfish-looking animal had stopped half-way down the mound on encountering his motionless figure. Frightened by his outcry, and unable to retreat, the shadowy depredator had fallen back on his slinking haunches with a snarl, and bared teeth that glittered in the moonlight.

In an instant the expression of terror on the old man's ashen face turned into a fixed look of insane exaltation. His white lips moved; he advanced a step further, and held out both hands toward the crouching animal.

"So! It is thou—at last! And comest thou here thy tardy Pereo to chide? Comest thou, too, to tell the poor old man his heart is cold, his limbs are feeble, his brain weak and dizzy?—that he is no longer fit to do thy master's work? Ay, gnash thy teeth at him! Curse him!—curse him in thy throat! But listen!—listen, good friend—I will tell thee a secret—ay, good gray friar, a secret—such a secret! A plan, all mine—fresh from this old gray head; ha! ha!—all mine! To be wrought by these poor old arms; ha! ha! All mine! Listen!"

He stealthily made a step nearer the affrighted animal. With a sudden sidelong snap, it swiftly bounded by his side, and vanished in the thicket; and Pereo, turning wildly, with a moan sank down helplessly on the grave of his forefathers.

CHAPTER VI.

To the open chagrin of most of the gentlemen and the unexpected relief of some of her own sex, Maruja, after an evening of more than usual caprice and willfulness, retired early to her chamber. Here she beguiled Enriquita, a younger sister, to share her solitude for an hour, and with a new and charming melancholy presented her with mature counsel and some younger trinkets and adornments.

"Thou wilt find them but folly, 'Riquita; but thou art young, and wilt outgrow them as I have. I am sick of the Indian beads, everybody wears them; but they seem to suit thy complexion. Thou art not yet quite old enough for jewelry; but take thy choice of these."

"'Ruja," replied Enriquita, eagerly, "surely thou wilt not give up this necklace of carved amber, that was brought thee from Manila?—it becomes thee so! Everybody says it. All the caballeros, Raymond and Victor, swear that it sets off thy beauty like nothing else."

"When thou knowest men better," responded Maruja, in a deep voice, "thou wilt care less for what they say, and despise what they do. Besides, I wore it to-day and—I hate it."

"But what fan wilt thou keep thyself? The one of sandal-wood thou hadst to-day?" continued Enriquita, timidly eying the pretty things upon the table.

"None," responded Maruja, didactically, "but the simplest, which I shall buy myself. Truly, it is time to set one's self against this extravagance. Girls think nothing of spending as much upon a fan as would buy a horse and saddle for a poor man."

"But why so serious to-night, my sister?" said the little Enriquita, her eyes filling with ready tears. "It grieves me," responded Maruja, promptly, "to find thee, like the rest, giving thy soul up to the mere glitter of the world. However, go, child, take the beads, but leave the amber; it would make thee yellower than thou art, which the blessed Virgin forbid! Good-night."

She kissed her affectionately and pushed her from the room. Nevertheless, after a moment's survey of her lonely chamber, she hastily slipped on a pale satin dressing-gown, and, darting across the passage, dashed into the bedroom of the youngest Miss Wilson, haled that sentimental brunette from her night toilet, dragged her into her own chamber, and, enwrapping her in a huge mantle of silk and gray fur, fed her with chocolates and chestnuts, and, reclining on her sympathetic shoulder, continued her arraignment of the world and its follies until nearly daybreak.

It was past noon when Maruja awoke, to find Faquita standing by her bedside with ill-concealed impatience.

"I ventured to awaken the Doña Maruja," she said, with vivacious alacrity, "for news! Terrible news! The American, Dr. West, is found dead this morning in the San José road!"

"Dr. West dead!" repeated Maruja, thoughtfully, but without emotion.

[*Continued on page* 417.]

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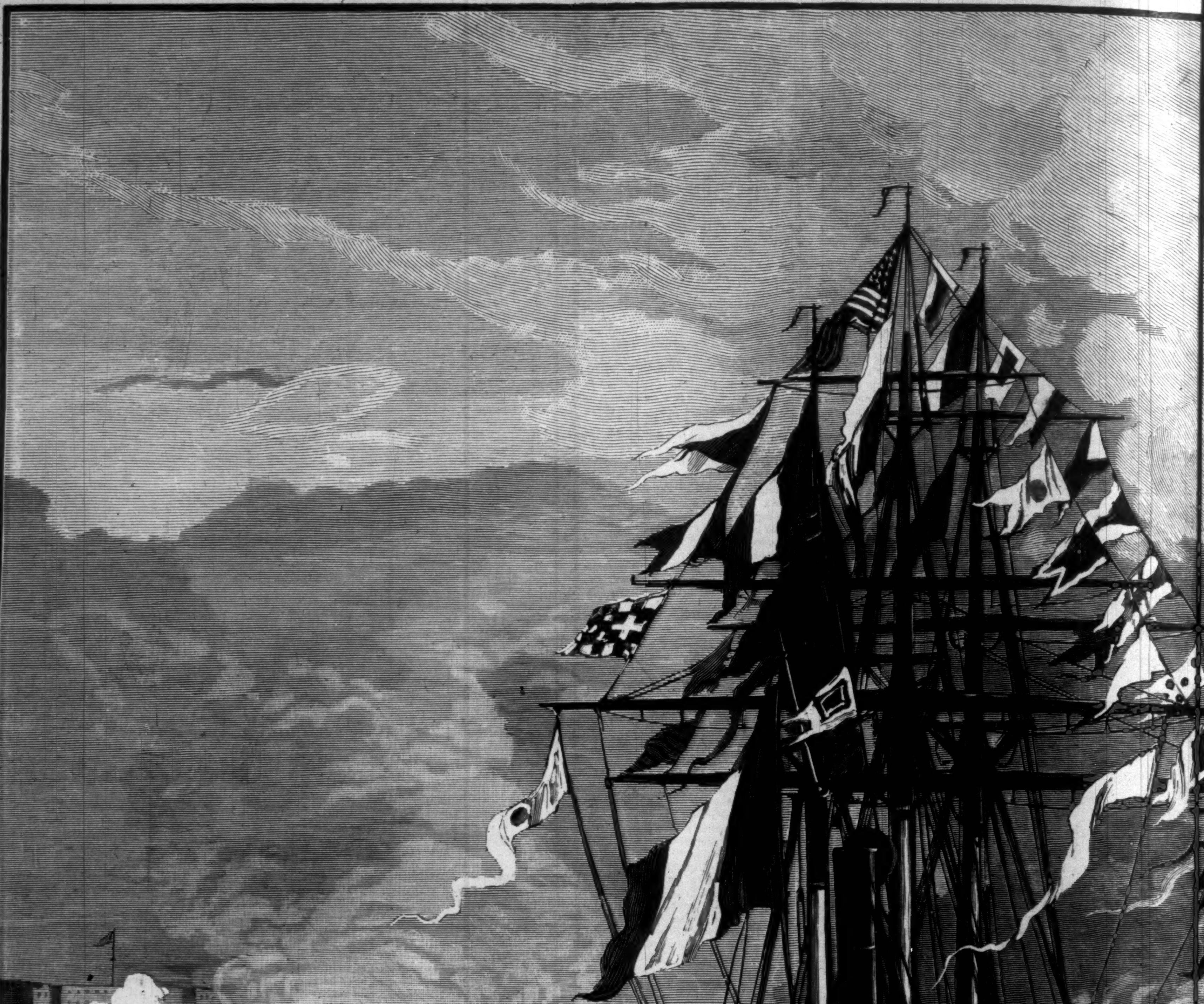
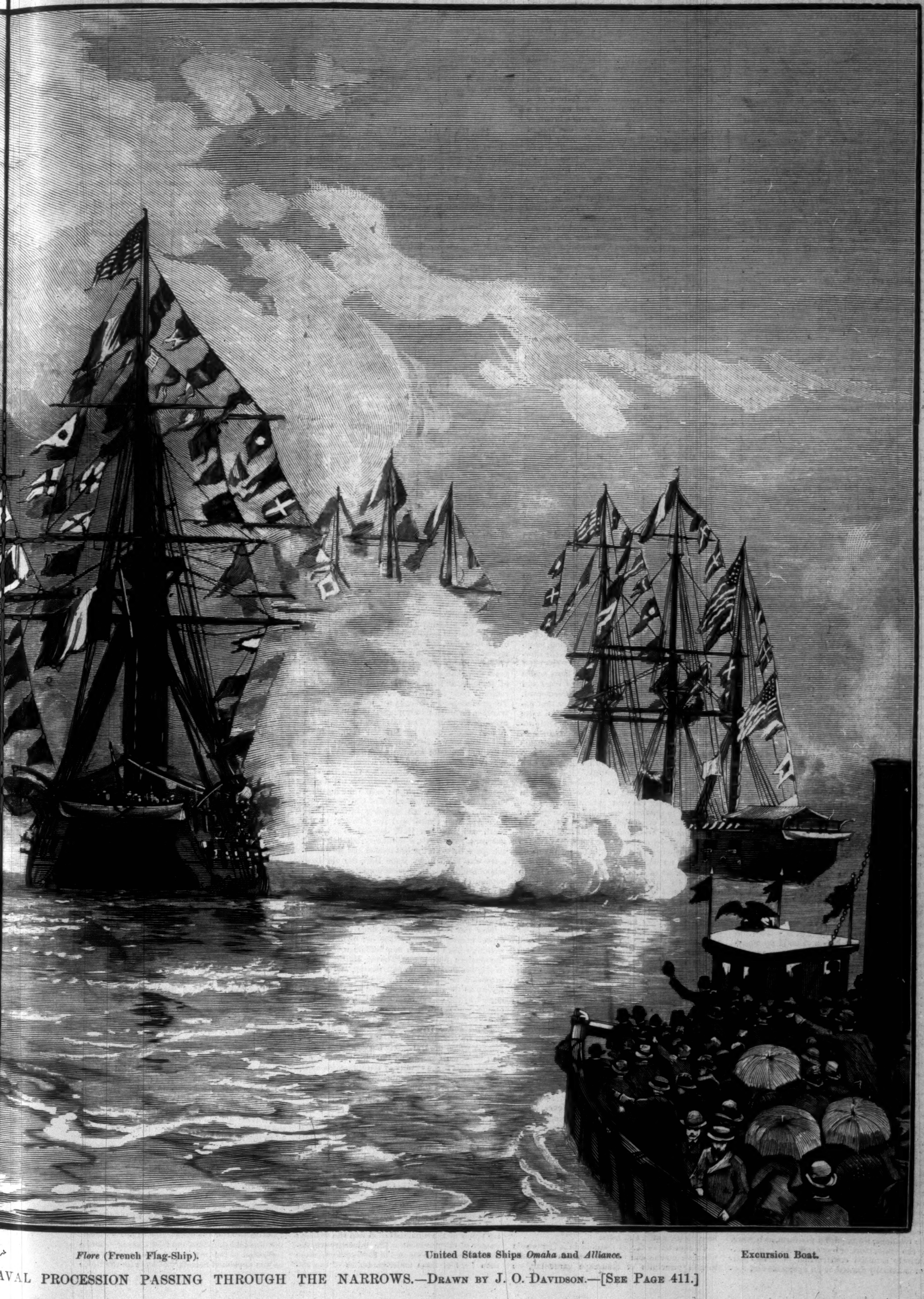


Forts Saluting.
Ferry-boat *Atlantic* with Statue Committee and City Officials.
Isère.

RECEPTION OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD"—THE NA



Flore (French Flag-Ship). United States Ships *Omaha* and *Alliance*. Excursion Boat.

AVAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE NARROWS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 411.]

THE ELEMENTS OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

"An imitation of nature, however successful, is not art, and the purpose to imitate nature, or to produce an effect which shall seem to be natural, and therefore interesting, is not sufficient for success in the art of landscape gardening, which depends on a happy combination of many circumstances that nature unassisted is not likely to bring about. A scene in nature is made up of various parts; each part has its individual character and its possible ideal. It is unlikely that accident should bring together the best possible ideals of each separate part, merely considering them as isolated facts, and it is still more unlikely that accident should group a number of these possible ideals in such a way that not only one or two, but that all, should be harmoniously related to the other. It is evident, however, that an attempt to accomplish this artificially is not impossible, and that a proper study of the circumstances relating to the perfect development of each particular detail will at least enable the designer to reckon surely on a certain success of a high character in that detail, and a comprehensive bringing together of the results of his study in regard to the harmonious relations of one, two, or more details may enable him to discover the law of harmonious relations between multitudinous details; and if he can discover it, there is nothing to prevent him from putting it into practice."

These lines are quoted from a well-known authority, and convey in a succinct and comprehensive manner the fundamental principles of landscape gardening, which I propose to illustrate more completely by trying how they will apply to the actual elements of the art. Although landscape gardening has been practiced for ages, there is still a noteworthy lack of clearly formulated expositions of its principles. In a vague and half-recognized fashion some correct principles are undoubtedly applied in the public grounds and private places of the country, but in the broader and more comprehensive sense they can hardly be claimed to have received application at all outside of a few of our great parks. It may, of course, be said with truth that a majority of artists in all departments of art fail to treat their subject in a large and comprehensive manner that adequately recognizes the value of details, while it also sees the importance of that pervasive unity which right feeling is always striving to keep inviolate.

Still it can hardly be denied that landscape gardening has hitherto fallen for the most part into the hands of a less gifted and artistically instructed class than the other arts. Private work of this kind is undertaken usually by gardeners, who, as a rule, are simply growers of plants. As growers they deserve the respect due to skillful artisans, but as artistic combiners of their material they generally fail, having received little training in the æsthetic sense in which the term training is ordinarily used when speaking of the other fine arts. Occasionally amateurs of ample means and high culture, like Mr. Hunnewell or the late Mr. H. W. Sargent, undertake landscape-gardening work with definitely formulated ideas; but generally the ideas of both professors and amateurs of the art are hazy and devoid of true artistic sequence. It is not, however, the object of this paper to consider the shortcomings of past or present essays in landscape gardening, but to indicate in a simple manner some self-evident principles of the art and their general application. In accomplishing his undertaking the landscape gardener has obviously to deal with the constantly recurring elements of road surface, grass surface, rock surface, and water surface, and also with trees, shrubs, hardy perennial plants, bulbs, ferns, and bedding plants.

Having to work with these elements, the landscape designer must first study the way in which nature employs such details in her landscape work, and then try to discover the law of harmonious relations between the manifold details pertaining to his special undertaking. Starting from the position of endeavoring to accept whatever may happen to be the present conditions of earth and water and plants, he must seek by an effort of his imagination to design his work in the spirit and in accordance with the limitations of his original surroundings. The idea of starting *de novo*, unless for exceptional reasons, is, in a sense, inartistic. To cut down hills and build up miniature mountains, dig out lakes, and sweep away or transplant large trees, may enable the artist to create a grand *tour de force*, but it generally presents the appearance of a strained imitation of nature. Although it may thus be stated as an elementary principle that the original features of the place should be retained, convenience and pleasure will surely demand the introduction of certain obtrusive details, like houses, stables, and vegetable gardens, which are not in any sense natural. The problem for the designer to solve is, therefore, how to bring all these existing or proposed features into harmoniously graded relations with each other. Comfort and convenience of living must go hand in hand with beauty in all good landscape-gardening work. I will endeavor now to illustrate in a brief way what I mean by establishing harmonious relations among various landscape details, so as to secure the greatest amount of comfort, convenience, and beauty that the existing circumstances will permit.

Take the road surface, for instance. The ideal road or walk is one that destroys no natural beauty, and subordinates itself so entirely to the existing grade lines that all the interesting views are enjoyed more by the observer with it than without it. In like manner the lawn surface presents itself for treatment. Around the house, for comfort and convenience and well-adjusted artistic relations, we require a platform, as it were, of green grass, more or less extended. This comparatively artificial construction of grass-platform is actually wanted as an agreeable and convenient extension of the proper domain of the house, and is definitely limited by the character of the surrounding ground. Here also should be located the more artificial and striking plantations, such as flower-beds, single remarkable small-sized plants, etc. Lawn—that is, grass surface of breadth and richness about the house—is of the first importance, and no fanciful changes in the landscape should be allowed to mar the repose that comports with the special charm and dignity of this most characteristic feature of a country home. For like reasons the water on a moderate-sized place should consist of a brook or streamlet meandering at the foot or one side of the lawn, rather than a pool or fountain thrust into the open in front of the house. The lake and stream of course assume their proper place in the large public park or extended private estate. All radical changes of the existing order of things should be made as little apparent as possible. Each detail should drop into its proper relation with other details, as though it could do nothing else. On the same principle, instead of giving the general surface an artificial or abnormal character, we should rather seek to intensify natural peculiarities by deepening hollows and making higher the hills. Here the employment of trees and shrubs may be brought in to help in attaining and heightening this natural effect. When we come to the general employment of trees and shrubs the same sympathetic and disciplined treatment must be retained. The repose and balance of the landscape is often completely destroyed by scattering trees and shrubs over the place without proper relation to the grass surface or other landscape features.

To illustrate still farther the importance of this comprehensive way of treating all the elements of the landscape, we may refer here to what may be called the sky line, for the landscape gardener, in setting out his trees and shrubs, must consider the way his arrangement of them is going to effect the special sky property of his picture. Interesting skies and sky lines are important features in our painted pictures, and they are no less important in the work of the landscape gardener where there are trees and shrubs, pyramidal, rounded, and weeping, hills and valleys, rocks and streams or pools, to vary the sky line on every side. In all parts of the scene the landscape gardener should seek to contrive a comprehensively graded emphasis, where unity of effect is to be secured amidst a multitudinous variety of details managed after the fashion of distinctly natural types that abound in woodland glades and meadows. That this principal of working has not been recognized in a large part of the gardening done throughout the country may be readily proved by considering the vulgar and wholly unrelated way in which bedding plants everywhere are employed. It is somewhat strange, too, that the development of good landscape-gardening practice should be so slow, when we have in our midst such excellent examples for study as the parks of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, and Buffalo. Domestic landscape gardening, moreover, though the most important of all, is the slowest to improve in the right direction. The chief thought of the designer of a home lawn seems to be to gather individually attractive trees and shrubs all ready for planting on a level greensward. The problem of their arrangement after that appears to him easily soluble by the natural taste with which the average American believes himself to be sufficiently endowed. The inborn aptitude or instinct for making artistic arrangements is a valuable gift to those who have it, but it is not all, even to them, nor can they dispense with special knowledge and culture. Indeed, after considering intelligently the excellent examples of landscape gardening that have grown up in our midst during the last generation, it is late in the day to question the value of working on definite artistic principles, and of endeavoring to co-ordinate the arrangement of the details of our landscape gardening after the types displayed to us in the choicest of nature's out-door pictures.

Perhaps no better test can be applied to the artistic claims of a landscape gardener than to consider his way of employing emphasis in the different parts of his work. If he is no artist, he will level his lawns, take out his rocks, make neat and formal the shores of his streams, and trim his trees and shrubs into symmetric pyramidal or rounded shapes. His groups of plants will all be regular in outline and disposed on some geometric plan. When he employs rich masses of color, as in his bedding arrangements, he will thrust his emphasis into some wrong place, and combine different hues in an offensive manner. He will continually repeat himself, and if he undertakes to do something original, will only succeed in being vulgar and startling. If he has been brought up in a nursery, you will be apt to say that he has conscientiously applied to his work all the monotony, repetition, and absolute formality that properly characterize the best arranged collection of plants grown for sale. If, on the other hand, he is a true artist, he will apply his emphasis everywhere in the picture, among trees, shrubs, rocks, earth, water, and sky, with delicately graded consideration for the individual charms and deficiencies of every detail. He will value each aright, and accomplish the varied effects of foreground, middle distance, and background, without losing sight of the balance and repose of his picture considered as a whole. Working on definite principles, he will not only consider his shrub group and his sky line, and use tall pyramidal or low rounded bushes as his artistic sense may dictate, but he will exercise the same penetrative sense of the proper emphasis that should apply in every case whether in the arrangement of color and form in his bedding plants, or in the management of his grass surface, rocks, water, and trees.

To sum up as far as possible in a few words what we understand by the elements or fundamental principles of landscape gardening, we should say that they consist in seizing by means of knowledge and imagination the evident and latent capabilities of a place, and in co-ordinating the readily attainable effects of architectural structures, walks, roads, level or flowing lines of lawn, water, rocks, trees and shrubs, bedding plants and sky, so as to attain an artistic relation of parts, and a proper emphasis of the different details in a unified whole that aims to remind the observer of attractive natural scenery.

Samuel Parsons, Jun.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

It is not a mere coincidence that the oldest and most prominent American college is situated in a town which bears a historic university name. The college was founded by act of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, which voted £400 for the purpose in 1636. It was the next year decided to locate it at Newtown, and it was thereupon determined to change the name of that place to Cambridge. It was still another year later that a young English non-conforming clergyman died at Charlestown, bequeathing half his property and the whole of his library to the new institution, thereby furnishing the name by which it is still known. The endowment derived from John Harvard was more than double in value that derived from the colony, and led to the immediate opening of the school. The act providing for the government of the institution bears the date of 1642. The corporation, legally designated as the president and fellows, and consisting of the president, treasurer, and five others, was made self-perpetuating by having the power to fill vacancies, and it has continued unchanged in character and power to this day. The governing board, or overseers, consisted of the colonial Governor, Deputy-Governor, and all the "magistrates of this jurisdiction, together with the leading elders of the six next adjoining towns, viz., Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester. The college was recognized and provided for in the first Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, and remained under its fostering care until 1865. There had been various changes in the composition of the board of overseers, but since 1851 it had consisted of certain State officers and thirty members chosen by the Legislature. It was in 1865 that a protracted effort to secure a transfer of the control of the college from the State to the body of the alumni met with success, and from that time its greatest growth is to be dated.

Until the new system of management took full effect Harvard College had been much like its rivals in spirit and methods, though somewhat stronger in resources. The most momentous and significant change took place when, in 1869, Charles W. Eliot was chosen as the president of the institution. He was young and energetic, and his special training had been in science rather than in classical learning. He brought new ideas into active play, and has in sixteen years wrought marvellous changes in the aspect of the old university. Its previous growth had been slow. For years there had been little increase in the number of students, and the college yard and buildings retained their familiar aspect from year to year. The grounds, or the college yard, as it was commonly called, formed a stately quadrangle adorned with magnificent elms. The entrance from Harvard Square was flanked by Harvard Hall, with its bell tower, on the left, and Massachusetts on the right, and opposite was the white façade of University Hall, where most of the lectures and class exercises took place. Extending from Harvard on the west of the grounds were the old dormitories Hollis and Stoughton; across the northern end, Holworthy; on either side of University, east of the quadrangle, but standing further back, were Appleton Chapel and the Library; at the south end, Boylston Hall, devoted to scientific purposes, and Gray's, a dormitory building; and the space between the last-named and Massachusetts was filled in by Dane Hall, the old Law-school Building. There were dormitory buildings outside on the street, the Scientific School was across Cambridge Street to the north, and the Divinity School and Zoological Museum were a little distance away, on a small avenue leading from Kirkland Street.

Now the visiting graduate finds the outward aspect greatly changed. The old quadrangle is well-nigh filled up with new buildings, including the modern dormitories, Thayer, Matthews, and Weld, the new Lecture-hall, Seaver, and a large extension to the Library, while the old triangle known as the Delta, once devoted to games, is occupied by the stately Memorial Hall, and the Scientific School, to the north of Cambridge Street, is flanked with the new Hemenway Museum, and the still newer Law-school Building known as Austin Hall, perhaps the finest architectural possession which the University boasts. The collection of schools known as Harvard University is not confined to the vicinity of the college grounds, nor even to the city of Cambridge. Grouped about the college are the Scientific School, the Law School, the old Divinity School, and the Museums; a short distance away, but out of sight, is the Episcopal Divinity School, and close at hand, but invisible, is the "Annex," while the Medical School and the Dental and Veterinary Schools are in Boston, and the Bussy Institution, devoted to instruction in agriculture and horticulture, is miles away at Jamaica Plains. The famous Observatory remains to be mentioned. It stands conspicuously on a hill in Cambridge, a mile from the college grounds.

Growth has been the rule of the last fifteen years throughout all branches of the university, and it is directly due to the liberal and progressive policy of the administration and the untiring energy of the president. The university population this year has consisted of 1586 students, more than 1000 of them under-graduates of the college, and more than 200 officers and teachers. As is well known, Harvard has taken the lead in the policy of permitting a liberal choice of studies from among a great variety of courses arranged by the faculty, and now the optional system is well-nigh complete. There is hardly a study which a student is absolutely required to pursue after entering college, though he must elect a certain number of studies, and efforts are made to secure the adoption of systematic courses, and to exact a high standard of proficiency. The results of this policy are not yet fully assured, and its merits are still in dispute, but it seems at least to have contributed materially to the prosperity of Harvard.

THE TORY LEADERS.

The defeat of Mr. Gladstone put upon his political opponents the necessity of carrying on the government, and selections for the most important offices were made last week, though it remained at that time doubtful whether they would take effect except under pledges, which Mr. Gladstone declined to give.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

The Right Honorable Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, K.G., Marquis of Salisbury, whose name has been placed upon all the "slates" as that of Prime Minister, and Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, of the new Conservative administration, is now fifty-five years of age. He is the eldest surviving son of the second Marquis of Salisbury, and he was educated at Eton and Christ-church, Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of All-souls College in 1853. In the same year he was elected, as a Conservative, to represent Stamford, for which he sat until his succession to the marquisate in 1868. In 1866, in Lord Derby's third administration, he was Secretary of State for India, which he resigned in the following year. He was appointed to the same post on the formation of the Disraeli administration of 1874, and four years later he succeeded the Earl of Derby, resigned, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and went out of office with his party in 1880. In 1881 he was elected to lead the Conservatives in the House of Lords. Until the death of his elder brother, in 1865, he was known as Lord Robert Cecil; then he assumed the courtesy title of Viscount Cranborne, and on the death of his father, in 1868, he became Marquis of Salisbury, and succeeded to the estate of Hatfield. In 1871, with Lord Cairns, he acted as arbitrator in a long investigation of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. He did distinguished diplomatic service as Special Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, along with Sir Henry Elliott, in 1876–7; and soon afterward, with the Earl of Beaconsfield, he was a representative of Great Britain at the Congress of Berlin. On their return from that mission they were tendered a grand reception at Charing Cross, and the Queen invested him with the Order of the Garter. Along with the Earl of Beaconsfield he was presented also with the freedom of the city of London. The Marquis of Salisbury has not only taken an active part in all public measures of importance, especially such as affect the Church of England and the Church of England institutions, but he has also distinguished himself as a strong contributor to the press, especially to the *Quarterly Review*. In 1869 he was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and he is a member of the council of King's College, London. He is an interesting and almost vivacious as well as forcible speaker, and one of the most versatile of living Englishmen in his accomplishments. He finds relaxation in scientific studies, especially chemistry, as Mr. Gladstone finds in his study of the classics. Hatfield, the country-seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, is one of the most famous of all the historic country houses in England.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

The Right Honorable Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, who is henceforth to be entitled Lord Iddesleigh, and who was selected as First Lord of the Treasury in the Salisbury ministry, began his training for public life as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone while Mr. Gladstone was President of the Board of Trade, and he afterward became legal secretary to the Board. His official life may be summarized as follows: 1855–7 he represented Dudley in the House of Commons, from 1858–66 he sat for Stamford, and since that time for North Devon; he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1859, President of the Board of Trade in 1866, Secretary of State for India in 1867, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1874, and when Disraeli was elevated to the peerage he became the leader of the Lower House. With Sir C. E. Trevelyan he made an extended investigation of the civil service, and their report, made in 1854, led to the throwing open of the service to public competition. He was a member of the Commission which resulted in the Treaty of Washington in 1871; in 1863 he received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford, in 1869 he presided over the Congress of the Social Science Association, and in 1875 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. On the death of his grandfather in 1857 he succeeded to the family title and estates.

SIR RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS.

The Right Honorable Sir Richard Assheton Cross, who has been named as Secretary of State for the Home Department, was born in 1823. He was first elected to the House of Commons, as a Conservative, for Preston, in 1857, and he represented that borough until 1862. In 1868 he opposed and defeated Mr. Gladstone for Southwest Lancashire after the memorable campaign about the disestablishment of the Irish Church. On the formation of the Disraeli administration in 1874 he was appointed Secretary of State for the Home

Department, so that he now returns to the same post that he held under the last Conservative administration. When he resigned the seals of the Home Department in 1880, he was created a G.C.B. Sir RICHARD was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the University of Cambridge in 1878 conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. He is a member of the Council of Education, and the author and compiler of several legal works.

SIR MICHAEL EDWARD HICKS-BEACH.

The Right Honorable Sir MICHAEL EDWARD HICKS-BEACH, who succeeds Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, was naturally chosen for the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which generally goes with the leadership on the ministerial side. He was a member of the Conservative administration from 1878 to 1880, having succeeded Lord CARNARVON, who resigned, as Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was born in 1837, and was educated at Eton and at Christ-church, Oxford, where he won the degree of M.A. in 1861. Three years later his political career began, when, as a Conservative, he was elected for East Gloucestershire, which constituency he still represents. In 1868 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor-law Board, and for a time Under Secretary for the Home Department; and he served as a member of the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies. With the advent of the Conservatives into power in 1874 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and after serving in that capacity for four years, and as Secretary of State for the Colonies for two years, in 1880 he went out of office with his party. Sir MICHAEL has since that time been a leading but not conspicuous member of the Conservative party in the House of Commons.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, to whom was assigned the office of Secretary of State for India, is the second son of the late and brother of the present Duke of Marlborough, and the youngest member of the new administration, having been born in 1846. He received his first training for public life during the Irish Viceroyalty of his father. He is the founder of what is known as the "fourth party," an addition to the Conservative party, and he has attained distinction by his boldness as a leader at an earlier age than any of his contemporaries. His criticism of the policy of the late administration in the Anglo-Russian difficulty and his activity in connection with the formation of the new administration have made him for the time one of the most conspicuous men in England. Lord RANDOLPH married a daughter of Mr. LEONARD JEROME, of New York.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

The Earl of Carnarvon has had a distinguished career in British politics, having been Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord DERBY'S second administration, and Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord DERBY'S third administration and in Mr. DISRAELI'S administration, 1874–8. He is also an author of note, having written *The Archæology of Berkshire* in 1859, *Recollections of the Druses of the Lebanon* in 1860, a biography of Dean MANSEL in 1875, and a translation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus in 1879. His withdrawal from Mr. DISRAELI'S cabinet in 1878 was due to a disagreement with his chief as to the policy of sending the British fleet to the Dardanelles. The Earl's father was a scholar and poet, and the Earl himself was a first-honor man in the classics at Oxford University. His selection as Viceroy of Ireland is of no special significance as to the Irish policy of a Conservative ministry.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

Lord GEORGE FRANCIS HAMILTON, now forty years old, and in the prime of his strength, is the third son of the Duke of Abercorn, and a distinguished member of the House of Commons. Few of his fellow-members are better authority than he on matters relating to the finances and history of India, and Mr. DISRAELI recognized this fact in 1874 by nominating him to the position of Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for that country. Lord GEORGE'S influence in the county of Middlesex is perhaps greater now than ever before, although in the general election in 1874 he received 10,343 votes, against 5192 given to his very popular competitor, Viscount ENFIELD. He was chosen as First Lord of the Admiralty in the SALISBURY ministry.

THE RED PRINCE.

IN the death of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES NICHOLAS, which occurred at Castle Gleinecke, on the 15th of June, from a stroke of apoplexy received the day previous, Germany loses one of her best and most popular soldiers. Precisely how great he was it is perhaps not easy to say, without knowing how far his campaigns, like those of his cousin the Crown Prince, were controlled by that silent old man, not of royal blood, whose soldiership is kin to that of the greatest of all lands and times. But the hero of Metz was beyond doubt a most brilliant and dashing, as well as sure and wary, field commander, and will long be regarded by his countrymen with something of the feeling which Russians have for SKOBELEFF and Americans for SHERIDAN.

Born in Berlin on the 20th of March, 1828, the son of the present Emperor WILLIAM'S younger brother CHARLES, from boyhood Prince FREDERICK CHARLES was destined to the soldier's profession. He studied at Bonn, was taught tactics by VON ROON, and at the age of twenty gained laurels for courage and enterprise in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1848. In the Baden revolt, and still more in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864, he distinguished himself. During the Franco-Italian war of 1859 against Austria he closely studied the French army, and published an anonymous pamphlet, that created much stir, showing how to defeat France.

When the war with Austria broke out in 1866, FREDERICK CHARLES received the command of the First Army of Prussia. His great opportunity had come, and he used it well. MOLTKE planned the campaign. The Prince marched through Saxony into Bohemia with such extraordinary energy that Marshal BENEDEK, the renowned Austrian commander, who had himself expected to seize the initiative, was taken unawares. Ten days after he started he encountered BENEDEK at Sadowa, or Königgrätz, and in one of the decisive battles of the century Austria was overthrown. The Crown Prince contributed to this result by coming up with the Second Army at the crisis of the battle. Making all deductions for the advantage possessed by the Prussians with their needle-gun and for the conduct of the Austrians in not seasonably combining against one of the two armies, the victory was still due to genuine military skill. The rapidity of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES'S movements was no less conspicuous during the fortnight following the battle, for he pushed into Hungary with such celerity that Austria in alarm signed an armistice, followed by a peace which made Prussia the leader of Germany.

In 1870 war broke out with France. Again the two cousin princes were harnessed to the German car of war, and MOLTKE was charioteer. Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, as commander of the Second Army, comprising six corps, or a quarter of a million men and five hundred guns, defeated FROISSART at Saarbrücken, or Speichern. Ten days later he assaulted and turned BAZAINE'S right at Mars-la-Tour. The French marshal withdrew to Metz, and on the 18th of August fought the bloody battle of Gravelotte, whence he fell back and was shut up in Metz. Prince FREDERICK CHARLES was left to invest this place, while the Crown Prince marched to defeat McMAHON at Sedan. The battle of Noisseville and several sorties did not break the Prince's grip on Metz, and the city capitulated in October, with 173,000 officers and men and vast military stores.

This result released Prince FREDERICK CHARLES'S army to march against the new republican forces that threatened to break up the siege of Paris, then begun by the Crown Prince's army. Prince FREDERICK CHARLES fought the Army of the Loire, under General D'AURELLE DE PALADINES, at Ladon, Maizières, Beaune-la-Rolande, and finally defeated it at Orleans. Next he attacked the army of General CHANZY, and after six days of fighting, in January, 1871, routed it at Le Mans. These operations, with successes in the north, determined the fate of Paris, which soon after surrendered.

In these great military achievements Prince FREDERICK CHARLES was aided first by BAZAINE'S errors, and then by having only the raw levies of the republic to fight with his veterans; yet his rank of Field-Marshal, conferred after the fall of Metz, had been splendidly earned. He cheered his soldiers by his personal presence, and was zealous for their comfort. His aim was to break down useless martinetism, and to substitute greater freedom for the fuss and feathers and despotic methods of past generations. Better than the full glitter of his highest honors he seemed to love the scarlet uniform of his Brandeburg Hussars, and in this attire, which gave him his *sobriquet*, the Red Prince was laid in his oaken coffin at Potsdam.

RECEIVING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

ON Friday, June 19, the French transport boat the *Isère*, bearing BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty enlightening the World," was escorted up New York Bay to Bedloe's Island, and the gift of France was formally received. At an early hour Senator EVARTS, the Chairman of the Pedestal Committee, Mayor GRACE, of New York city, the French consuls of New York and Chicago, with many invited guests, steamed down the bay to the *Isère*. Senator EVARTS and Mayor GRACE went aboard the French ship and welcomed Captain DE SAUNE. Thereafter the *Isère* was escorted up the bay by one of the most imposing naval processions ever witnessed in New York Harbor, which was commanded by Commodore CHANDLER.

The signal for starting was given from the Commodore's boat, the *Dispatch*, which led the procession with Secretary WHITNEY on board. Following this came other American men-of-war, after them the French frigate *Flore*, and then the *Isère*, with an American boat as escort on each side. Behind these followed a fleet of excursion boats, pleasure craft (notworthy among which were the steam-yachts of the Steam-Yacht Club, many of which bore their owners), and tug-boats—not less than one hundred in all. They were all decorated with the French and the American colors, and made gaudy with bunting. During the hour consumed in coming up the harbor there was a constant roar of salutes from the forts and answers from the *Flore*. When the fleet reached Bedloe's Island the *Isère* cast anchor, and every steam-whistle in the harbor blew. The American committee and their French guests went ashore on the island, while the French choral societies, numbering 300 voices, sang the "Marseillaise" and "Hail, Columbia." They soon went aboard again, and landed near the Battery. Meanwhile the fleet had proceeded up North River, and the crowds were embarking from every craft to join the procession up Broadway. The bay afforded a brilliant spectacle, whether one looked seaward or landward. From the roofs of all the high buildings crowds of people watched the approaching procession, which was sometimes obscured by the smoke from the cannon, and people in the procession saw the house-tops covered with spectators who waved salutes to them, and French and American flags floated everywhere.

On Broadway the military escort consisted of the Twelfth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first regiments of the New York State Guard, numbering 1600 men, under the command of Brigadier-General FITZGERALD. The French Admiral LACOMBE, Captain DE SAUNE, of the *Isère*, and other French naval officers and distinguished guests took the position of honor in carriages in the procession, and the Grenadiers Rochambeau and the Garde Lafayette acted as a guard of honor. Mounted policemen, delegations from the Chamber of Commerce and other bodies, the Aldermen, prominent residents of the city, and thousands of sight-seers formed the procession, which moved up to the City Hall. Along Broadway the windows and sidewalks were densely crowded, and the buildings were almost covered with bunting. The City Hall was elaborately decorated outside and inside. In the Aldermanic Chamber large flags and coats of arms of France and the United States were hung over the windows and doorways, and in the Governor's Room over the old-fashioned writing-table which was used by WASHINGTON, full-length portraits of LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON faced one another. In this room a lunch was spread for the French guests, and the confectioner was not outdone by any one in the patriotic spirit of his handiwork. A model of the *Isère* two and a half feet long, another of the statue on the pedestal, and an emblematic figure of France wearing the tricolored cap and bearing a French flag, were ornaments of the table.

At the formal reception of the French officers, which was held in the Aldermanic Chamber, Mayor GRACE, President SANGER, of the Board of Aldermen, and Mr. FREDERICK R. COUDERT made brief addresses of welcome, the second in the French language. The crowds did not disperse from the streets until night. The late hours of the afternoon were spent in admiring the decorations of the buildings.

It will require four weeks to unload the gigantic statue from the *Isère*. It is packed so well in the hold of the boat that during the somewhat stormy voyage no part of it was shaken out of position. The *Isère's* officers will be the guests of the city of New York until their cargo can be unloaded, and a series of entertainments, in which the Franco-American residents of the city will take prominent part, has been arranged to be given during their visit.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE is novelty in the recent extensive counterfeiting of the American cent. In the great West and in parts of the South the counterfeiters can not expect much reward for their enterprise, for there the nickel is the lowest coin in general circulation. Here, where the cent is common, there will be difficulty in detecting the ungenuine presentment. A newspaper paragraph says that the counterfeit can be readily distinguished by its red color and lack of sharp outlines, but if any one will examine such a cent as he may happen to have in his pocket, he will suspect that it is more or less red, as a cent always notoriously has been, and will fail to discover any outlines that he will think worthy of consideration. Probably he will suspect the car conductor, who invariably gives five coppers in change for a dime, of being the chief utterer of the counterfeit money.

Boston recently received its first cargo of dressed beef from Omaha, two thousand miles away. The beef, which was six days in making the journey, arrived at its destination in prime condition. It is depressing to think what would have happened to the perpetrators of this sort of jugglery if the people of Massachusetts had caught them at it two hundred years ago.

A claimant to the French throne (there is no such thing now, by-the-way) earns twenty-five dollars a month as a time-keeper in a factory near Marseilles. His name is Antoine Dujol, and he says that he is the last of the Valois, and that he is descended in direct line from François, Duc d'Alençon, the fourth son of Henri II. If he is a good time-keeper he must know that the French throne shut down about 1871; but it is possible that, sharing the views of a good many other Frenchmen, he expects it to resume at any moment.

The classes at Harvard College have this term received from their instructor suggestions as to courses of reading or investigation proper for pursuit during the coming vacation. The faculty wish to encourage vacation study within bounds. No course may be recommended which will occupy a student of average ability more than six hours a day during a single month.

Fifty thousand children go to the 187 ragged schools of England. That is a great many children, and that is a strikingly ungenerous name to apply to the schools which they attend.

An agent of the Sultan of Turkey has purchased for that monarch an American gold-plated shot-gun which can be fired six times in three seconds. The cost of the weapon was three hundred dollars. It was displayed for several days in the window of a Broadway gun store. It should afford to Minister Cox a degree of patriotic pleasure to know that the Ruler of the Faithful has selected an American arm for light sporting.

A contributor to the *Cornhill Magazine* is of the opinion that the pre-glacial man was black. Of course this is mere theory, and it is still open to anybody to prove that he was green, pepper-and-salt, mixed, or sky-blue. It remains also to be determined whether he was of a smooth or a damassé surface under his coating of hair, which, it is pretty well settled, covered him almost completely, as likewise it now seems to be beyond dispute that he had a low frontal elevation, and that his front teeth projected definitely in the form of fangs.

George Arstingstall, Barnum's elephant trainer, says that elephants are frequently sick, and need medicine. For colic he gives an elephant several gallons of rum and ginger and water, and for chills, whiskey and a six-dollar quinine pill. The pill must be forced down at the end of a stick; the whiskey the elephant takes cheerfully.

There is in Florida a young girl who has gone on to the stage recently, and this is what a Florida newspaper says of her: "Under the softer skies and balmier air of the farther South, in the glow of its fervid suns, a young girl is growing up, tall, stately, beautiful, with the passionate throb of genius in her breast, and in her radiant eyes the glow of a promise as rich as the rose-bud's hope. We expect to see her at the head of American actresses, and it is proper that the passionate South should give her birth."

A goat was recently sold in South Africa for £425. It is supposed that he must be very venerable, and must have been accumulating tomato cans and circus posters for a very long time, to be worth so much.

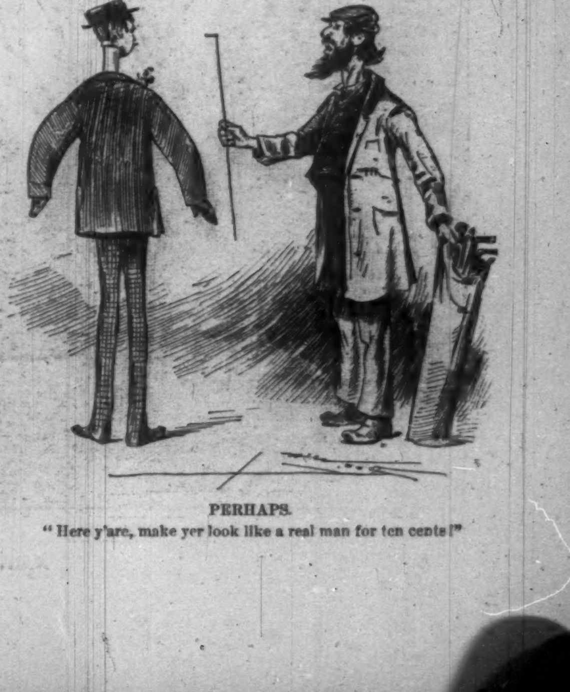
Brazil is said to contain 312 plants and trees the wood and sap of which contain strong medicinal properties, and that is simply the number known to botanists at present, the belief being that the country contains many more vegetable growths still to be discovered which will prove of great benefit to the doctors. Some of the ills that preparations made from Brazilian herbs are said to counteract or cure are cancer, glandular swellings, impoverished or poisoned blood, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, rheumatism, bad liver, coughs, croup, diphtheria, snake bites, and dropsy.

A newspaper writer speaks of "Arcadian simplicity and bucolic rusticity," which goes to show what may be done in the way of fine writing when one permits himself, in the words of the historic bailie of Glasgow, "plenty of room for scope."

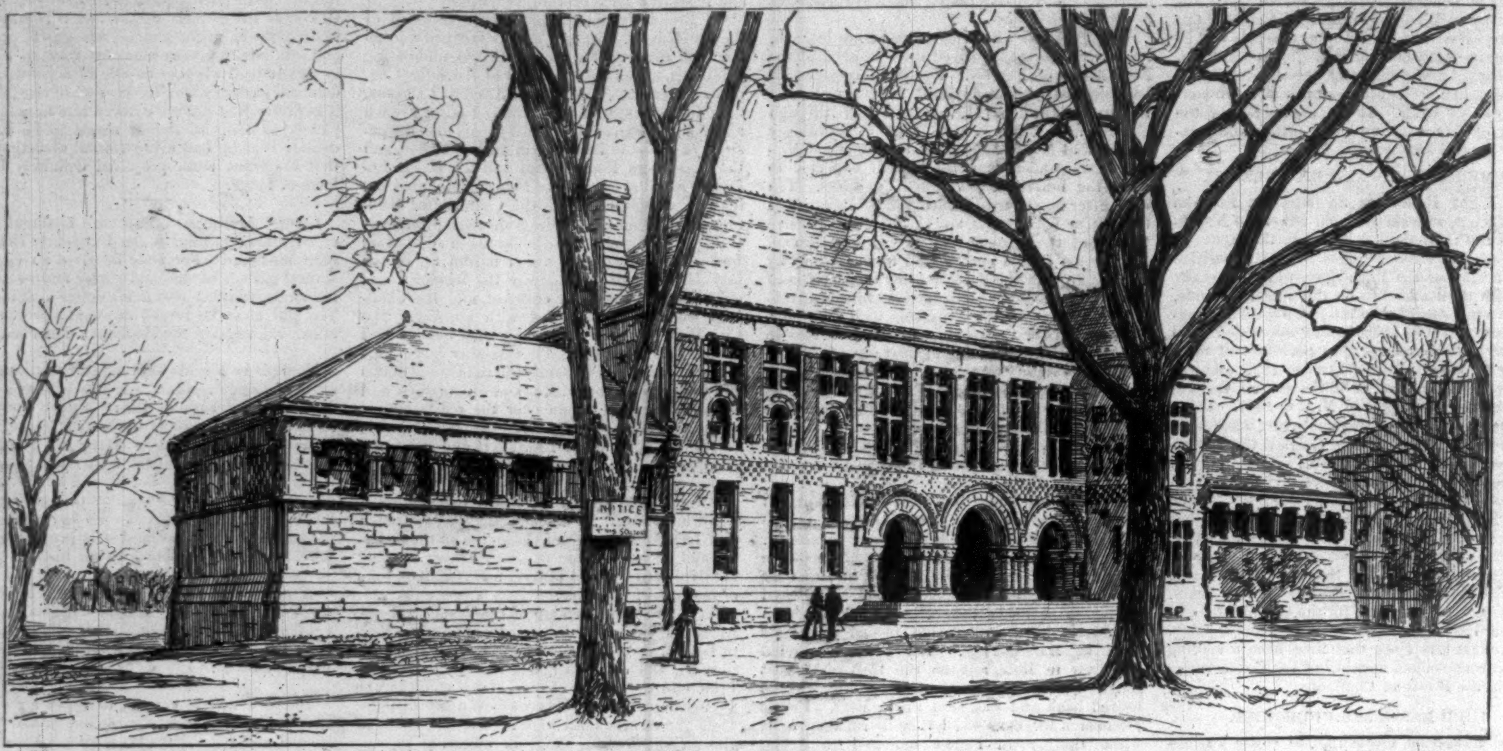
A twenty-dollar Confederate note, some silver change, and a gold chain were found recently at Northborough, Massachusetts, in a bale of rags which had been shipped thither from Baltimore. It was not, perhaps, an unreasonable place for the Confederate note to be found in, but it would be interesting to know how the silver and the gold chain came to be there.

A number of young women in Cleveland have formed a society for the suppression of slang. Every time a member uses a slang expression she is obliged to pay a fine, which is turned over to the associated charities of the town. Such being the rule, it would seem as though a proper object of the society would be the encouragement of slang, and as though charity called upon the young women to use as much slang as they could conveniently afford.

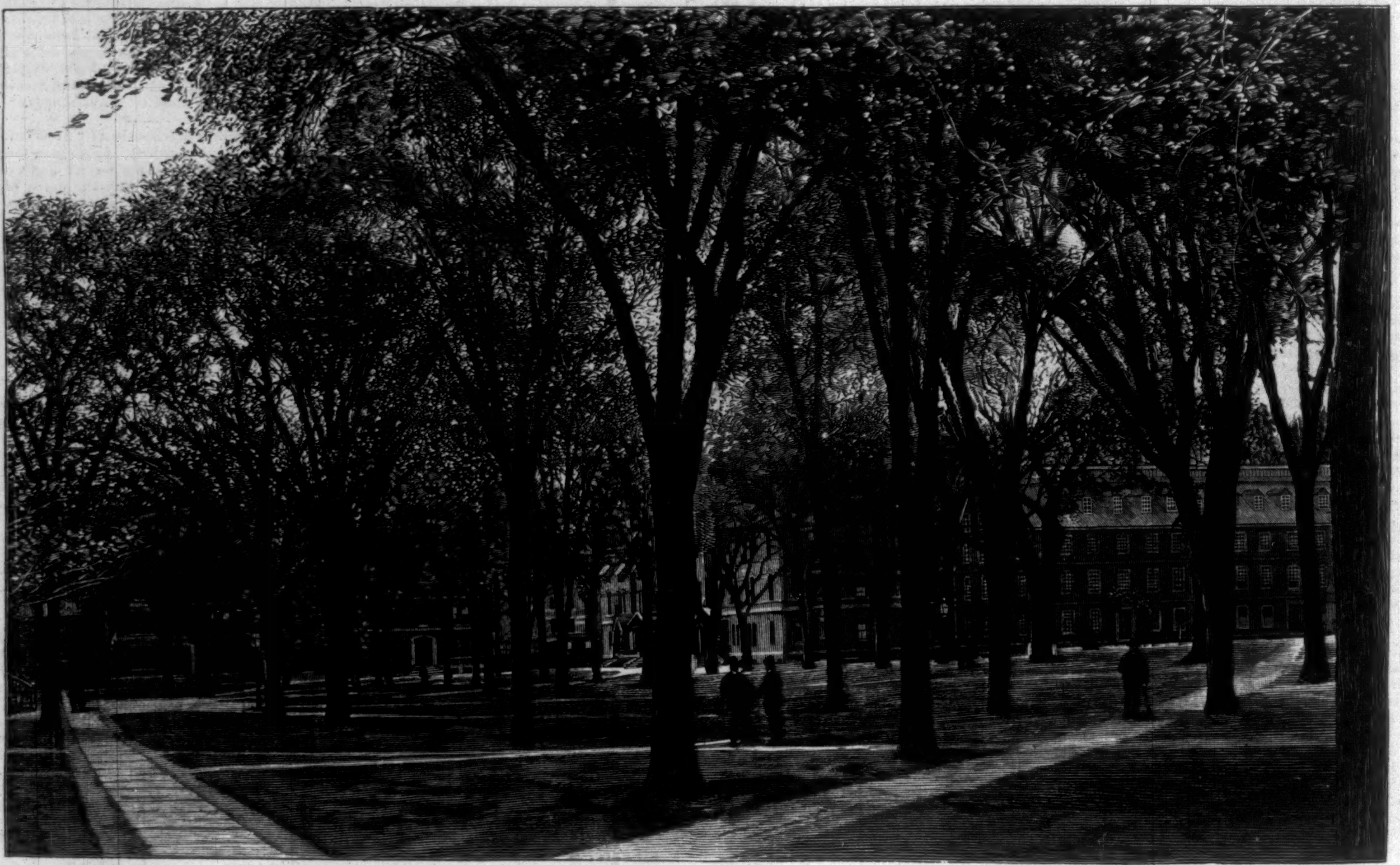
A newspaper report from Kingston, Ontario, says there is a man in the hospital in that city who has two hearts. The report adds that the hospital doctors are much interested in the case, which is no wonder. They must feel something of the elation that is felt by a child who has found a four-leaf clover. Of course the case is not so astonishing as it would be if the man had three hearts, or four, or five; but two, while it is not a great number absolutely, is an extraordinary number in such circumstances, and there is a certain conservatism of sense which tells us that advances of this nature should be extremely gradual. The fact that the man is in the hospital suggests the possibility that this matter of the multiplication of hearts may already have been crowded a little, and that the time is not yet ripe when even one more than the ordinary complement may safely appertain to a single person.



PERHAPS.
"Here y'are, make yer look like a real man for ten cents!"

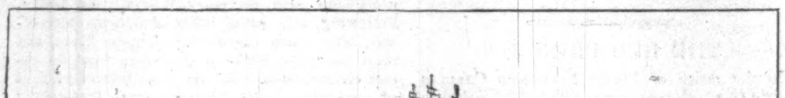


AUSTIN HALL.



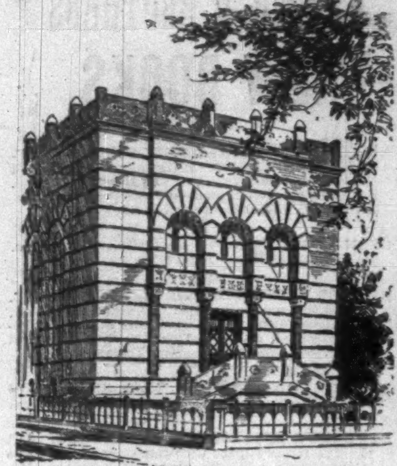
THE COLLEGE YARD.

SEVER HALL.



MEMORIAL HALL.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 410.]



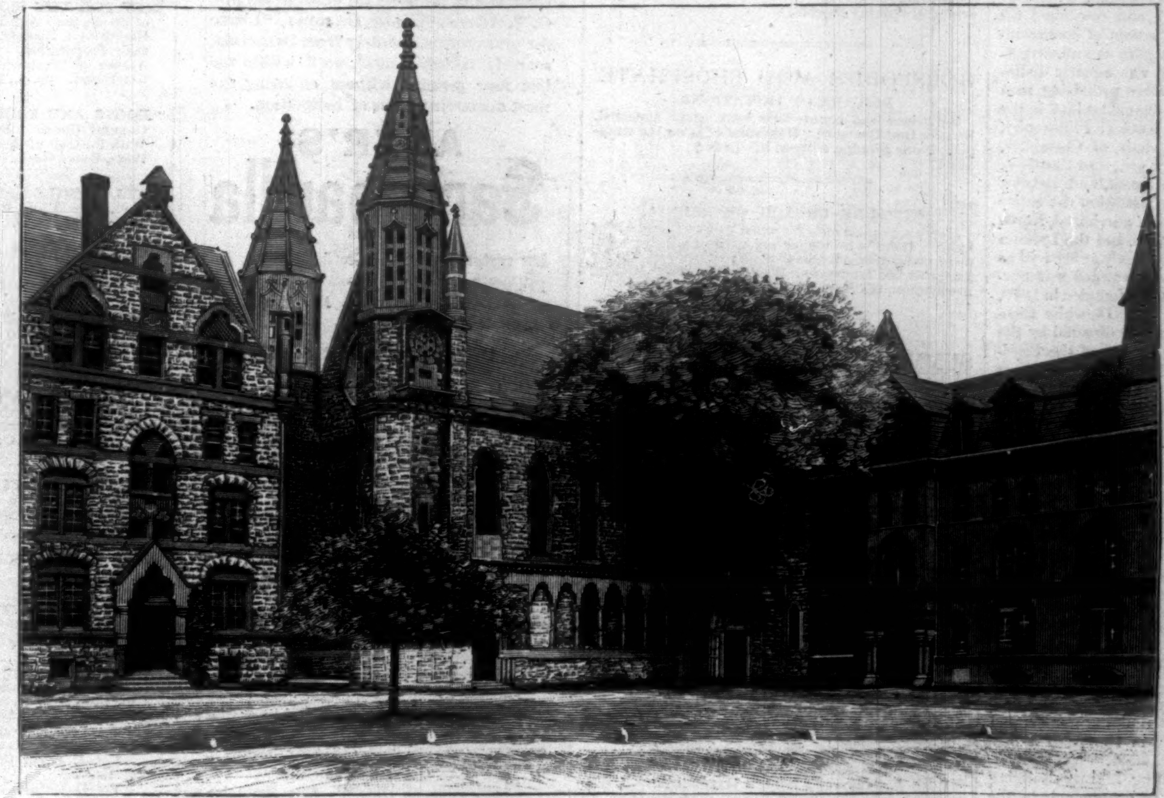
SCROLL AND KEY HALL.

"SOUTH MIDDLE,"

SKULL AND BONES HALL.

YALE COLLEGE.

YALE COLLEGE was founded in 1731. The New Haven colony had been united to the "towns on the river" for nearly forty years, and Connecticut had renewed its prosperity under the charter which she had acquired from CHARLES II., and had saved under his successor, and enjoyed under WILLIAM III. It was time, in the opinion of her people, she had a college of her own. All eyes were directed to her clergy as the natural leaders in the movement. By common consent ten of their number met at Branford in 1700, bringing a number of books as their sole investment for "founding a college in this colony." A charter was asked for and granted October 9, 1701, and an annuity of £60 sterling was pledged for an indefinite period. Rev. ABRAHAM PIERSON was elected Rector, and Saybrook was designated as the site. The Rector taught his classes in his own parish at Killingworth till his death in 1707. It is worthy of notice that he also prepared a text-book, not in metaphysics or theology, but in physics, of some merit for its day. Rector ANDREW was his successor, and resided at Milford. From 1713 to 1718 a quarrel concerning the final location of the college came very near destroying it. It was finally adjusted by fixing the site at New Haven, in consideration, among other things, of a gift of £700. The first gift to the college of any considerable amount from an individual, viz., 637 acres of land, was made by JAMES FITCH. In 1714 some 800 volumes were collected and given by JEREMIAH DUMMER, of Boston, then agent of the colony in London. Before and after this time, till his death in 1721, ELIHU YALE was its most distinguished benefactor. His father was one of the early settlers of New Haven, but the son was born in Boston. He became heir of a manorial estate in Wales, and for several years was Governor of the East India Company. His gifts to the college in books, merchandise, and money amounted to several hundred pounds. In consideration of these gifts the trustees gave the name Yale College to the building which was erected in New Haven, 1717–18. This building was 170 feet long and 22 feet wide and three stories high, and contained fifty studies, with hall, library, and kitchen. In 1719 Rev. TIMOTHY CUTTER, minister at Stratford, was elected Rector, but in 1722 was "excused from service" in consequence of his change of views in respect to episcopal ordination. In 1725 Rev. ELISHA WILLIAMS was elected Rector, who continued in his office till 1739, when he resigned on account of his health. During his administration Dean BERKELEY became interested in the college, and on leaving the country gave to it his estate near Newport, Rhode Island, of ninety-six acres of land, as the foundation of the Berkeley scholarships. In 1740 Rev. THOMAS CLAP was elected President, and continued till his resignation, a few months before his death, in 1766. His administration was vigorous and stormy. The controversies were rather ecclesiastical than literary or scientific, growing out of the religious excitements of the times. President CLAP at first connected himself with the "Old Light" party. A new charter of the college was obtained from the Legislature in 1745, under which the college set up a separate religious service, and elected a Professor of Divinity in 1756. President CLAP was an able and enterprising instructor, and a vigorous administrator. In 1750 Connecticut Hall, generally known as South Middle College, was commenced, and was finished in 1752. In 1763 the first college chapel, now called the



THE CHAPEL, FARNAM HALL, AND DURFEE HALL.

THE PIERSON STATUE.

REAR OF THE CHAPEL.

YALE COLLEGE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.

Athenæum, was built. During President CLAP's administration a new impulse was given to the study of physics by the discoveries of FRANKLIN, and experiments were performed by tutor EZRA STILES. The latter part of CLAP's administration was distinguished by his steadfast resistance to State visitation and control. From 1766 till 1777 the Rev. NAPHTALI DAGGETT, Professor of Divinity, performed the duties of the President. The times were broken and disturbed by the beginnings of the war of the Revolution. It is worthy of notice that in 1771 the Professorship in Natural Philosophy was founded, which was filled by Professor NEHEMIAH STRONG. New life was brought into the college by a succession of very able tutors. The intense political and literary excitement which attended the movements of the times was felt in the college.

EZRA STILES, D.D., was elected President in 1778, and continued till his death, in 1795. He was a man of various learning and catholic spirit, and was eminently successful in bringing about a good understanding with the political and ecclesiastical foes of the college. By the aid of Hon. JAMES HILLHOUSE an arrangement was effected by which the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State and six members of the Council (afterward six senior Senators) became members of the corporation. In 1782 the old College Commons, subsequently Chemical Laboratory, was built. In 1794 the corner-stone of Union Hall (South College) was laid.

Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT was elected President by common consent in 1795, and continued till his death, in 1823. He was a man of commanding presence, and of brilliant gifts as an instructor, and as an administrator was equally distinguished. By his influence three promising men were elected as professors—JEREMIAH DAY in the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN in the chair of Chemistry, and subsequently of Geology, etc., and JAMES L. KINGSLEY in that of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. During his administration the entire front of the college square was purchased, North Middle College, or Berkeley Hall, and the Lyceum were built, and the Gibb's Cabinet was secured as a deposit, which many years afterward was purchased. The Medical School was founded in 1810, and successfully organized in 1813, while theological instruction was given and directed by the President. The personal influence of the President, by the instructions which he gave, was most important to the success of his administration.

He was succeeded by JEREMIAH DAY, who was elected in 1817, and resigned in 1846. During his administration Professor ELEAZER T. FITCH was Professor of Divinity (1817–52), Professor CHAUNCY A. GOODRICH was Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory (1817–39)—subsequently of the Pastoral Charge (1839–60)—and ALEXANDER M. FISHER of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy (1817–22); also MATTHEW R. DUTTON (1822–25) and DENISON OLMSTED (1825–36). ANTONY D. STANLEY, Professor of Mathematics (1836–53).

During President DAY's administration the Theological Department was more fully organized, and began its career of extended influence. Rev. NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR was elected Professor of Didactic Theology in 1822–58; JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS, of Sacred Literature, 1824–61. The new Commons Hall and Cabinet Building was erected in 1819, and North College in 1821, and a new chapel in 1824.

The unique and interesting Library Building was completed in 1846, and owes much to the liberality and taste of Professor E. E. SALISBURY. In 1826 the Law School was more fully organized, and under the direction of Hon. DAVID DAGGETT and SAMUEL J. HITCHCOCK commenced its career of eminent success.

President DAY's administration was distinguished by a proposal within the corporation to abandon the study of the dead languages, which elicited a very able report and criticism. It was also memorable by the occurrence of two so-called rebellions on the part of the students. In 1830–31 an effort was set on foot to increase the funds of the college, in consequence of which more than $100,000 was raised and added to its permanent endowment. In the same year THEODORE D. WOOLSEY was elected Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

It was in this year also that Colonel JOHN TRUMBULL offered to the college his paintings on certain conditions, as the result of which the building called the Trumbull Gallery was erected, to which the Art School owes its existence.

THEODORE D. WOOLSEY was elected President in 1846, and resigned in 1871, to be succeeded by the present President, Dr. NOAH PORTER. His administration was distinguished by a severer and more profitable regimen for the Senior year, by more rigorous and more frequent examinations, and by the introduction of new branches of study. Four Freshman scholarships were founded by him, and have produced most excellent fruits. Important additions were made to the faculty. Very early in his administration the Department of Philosophy and the Arts was created, which was designed both for graduates and special students. From this proceeded by natural growth the Sheffield Scientific School, which now numbers more than two hundred students, and has received, by gifts and bequests from the gentleman whose name it bears, in all at least $750,000.

The School of Fine Arts was founded during President WOOLSEY's administration, at a cost of nearly $300,000 in building and endowments, and is now and has been for several years in successful operation.

In October, 1866, Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, of London, gave $150,000 to found, in connection with Yale College, a Museum of Natural History. Of this sum $100,000 with its increase after a term of years, was expended in the erection of a portion of the building, and the remainder for its future enlargement and the care and increase of its collections. In 1870 a foundation was provided for the Winchester Observatory by the gift of land purchased for the purpose by Mr. O. F. WINCHESTER, to which was added a tract of land previously given by Mrs. JAMES HILLHOUSE and her daughters. During President WOOLSEY's administration were erected Alumni Hall in 1853; in 1870, Farnam College, at a cost of $125,000; in 1871, Durfee College, at a cost of $130,000; and in 1869, the Gymnasium, at a cost of $13,000. In 1870 the East Divinity Hall, for the use of the Theological Department, was completed. Subsequently a memorial chapel connected with the same was erected by FREDERIC MARQUAND, of Southport; and still later a building for the Reference Library, as also West Divinity Hall. Within the past few months considerable addition has been made to the funds of this department. But this brings us to beyond the limits which were prescribed. We ought to add that the subscriptions to the WOOLSEY fund, which were commenced after his resignation, have amounted in all to about $167,000; also that in the year 1854 an effort to increase the endowments of the college produced about $150,000. During the administration of President PORTER the Battell Chapel has also been erected, at a cost of $160,000; the Sloane Memorial Laboratory, at a cost of $50,000—both gifts to the college. Measures are nearly complete for the erection of the Lawrence Memorial Hall, for which $50,000 has been given. Some $74,000 has been given as a foundation for graduate fellowships, and considerable sums in legacies for general and special objects.

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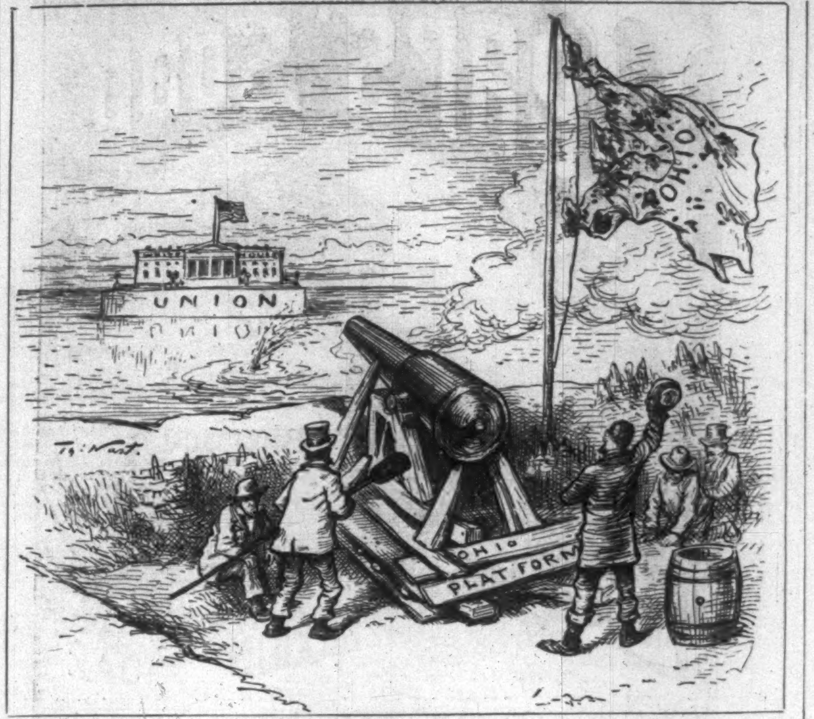

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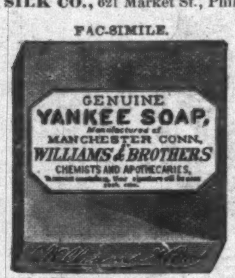

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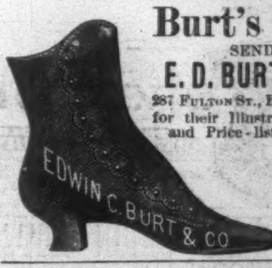

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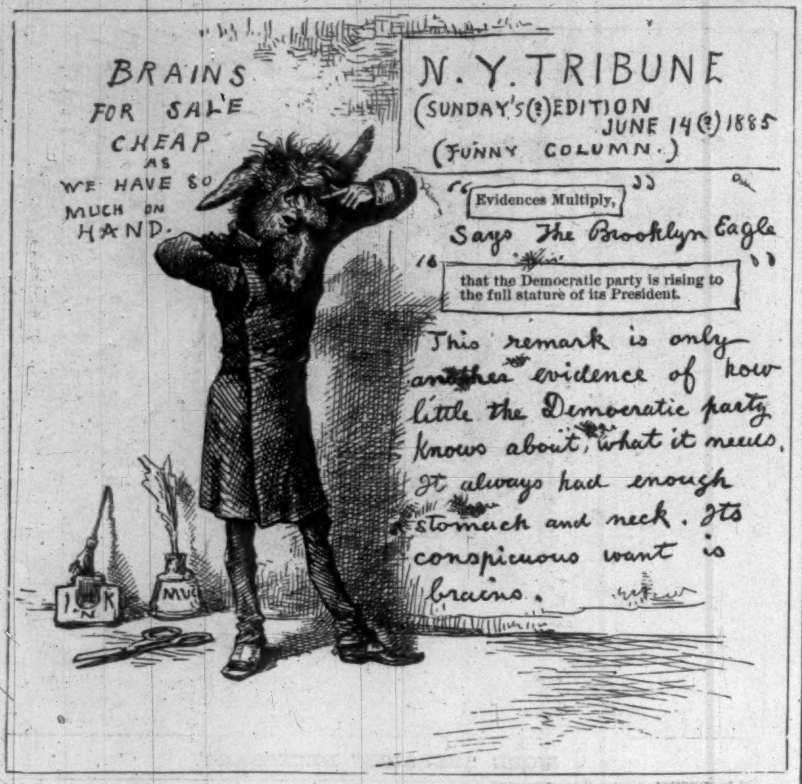

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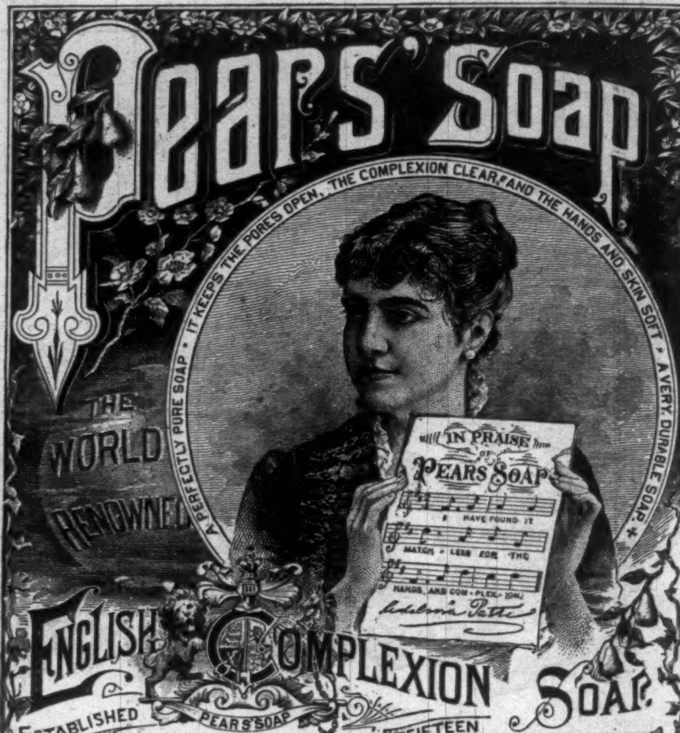

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"'STOP, ALL OF YOU,' SAID MARUJA; 'THAT MAN WILL BRING IT TO ME.'"

MARUJA.

[*Continued from page 407.*]

"Surely dead—very dead. He was thrown from his horse and dragged by the stirrups—how far, the blessed Virgin only knows. But he is found dead—this Dr. West—his foot in the broken stirrup, his hand holding a piece of the bridle. I thought I would waken the Doña Maruja, that no one else should break it to the Doña Maria."

"That no one else should break it to my mothere?" repeated Maruja, coldly. "What mean you, girl?"

"I mean that no stranger should tell her," stammered Faquita, lowering her bold eyes.

"You mean," said Maruja, slowly, "that no silly, staring, tongue-wagging gossip should dare to break upon the morning devotions of the lady mother with open-mouthed tales of horror! You are wise, Faquita! I will tell her myself. Help me to dress."

But the news had already touched the outer shell of the great house, and little groups of the visitors were discussing it upon the veranda. For once the idle badinage of a pleasure-seeking existence was suspended; stupid people with facts came to the fore; practical people with inquiring minds became interesting; servants were confidentially appealed to; the local express-man became a hero, and it was even noticed that he was intelligent and good-looking.

"What makes it more distressing," said Raymond, joining one of the groups, "is that it appears the Doctor visited Mrs. Saltonstall last evening, and left the casa at eleven. Sanchez, who was perhaps the last person who saw him alive, says that he noticed his horse was very violent, and the Doctor did not seem able to control him. The accident probably happened half an hour later, as he was picked up about three miles from here, and from appearances must have been dragged with his foot in the stirrup fully

half a mile before the girth broke and freed the saddle and stirrup together. The mustang, with nothing on but his broken bridle, was found grazing at the rancho as early as four o'clock, an hour before the body of his master was discovered by the men sent from the rancho to look for him."

"Eh, but the man must have been clean daft to have trusted himself to one of those savage beasts of the country," said Mr. Buchanan. "And he was no so young, either—about sixty, I should say. It didna look even respectable, I remember, when we met him the other day, careering over the country for all the world like one of these crazy Mexicans. And yet he seemed steady and sensible enough when he didna let his schemes of 'improvements' run away with him like yon furious beastie. Eh, well, puir man! it was a sudden ending. And his family—eh?"

"I don't think he has one—at least here," said Raymond. "You can't always tell in California. I believe he was a widower."

"Ay, man, but the heirs; there must be considerable property," said Buchanan, impatiently.

"Oh, the heirs! If he's made no will—which doesn't look like so prudent and practical a man as he was—the heirs will probably crop up some day."

"*Probably!* crop up some day!" repeated Buchanan, aghast.

"Yes. You must remember that *we* don't take heirs quite as much into account as you do in the old country. The loss of the *man* and how to replace *him* is much more to us than the disposal of his property. Now Dr. West was a power far beyond his actual possessions, and we will know very soon how much those were dependent upon him."

"What do you mean?" asked Buchanan, anxiously.

"I mean that five minutes after the news of the Doctor's death was confirmed, your friend Mr. Stanton sent a messenger with a dispatch to the nearest telegraphic office, and that he himself drove over to catch Aladdin before the news could reach him."

Buchanan looked uneasy; so did one or two of the native Californians who composed the group, and who had been listening attentively. "And where is this same telegraphic office?" asked Buchanan, cautiously.

"I'll drive you over there presently," responded Raymond, grimly. "There'll be nothing doing here to-day. As Dr. West was a near neighbor of the family, his death suspends our pleasure-seeking until after the funeral."

Mr. Buchanan moved away. Captain Carroll and Garnier drew nearer the speaker. "I trust it will not withdraw from us the society of Miss Saltonstall," said Garnier, lightly—"at least, that she will not be inconsolable."

"She did not seem to be particularly sympathetic with Dr. West the other day," said Captain Carroll, coloring slightly with the recollection of the morning in the summer-house, yet willing, in his hopeless passion, even to share that recollection with his rival. "Did you not think so, Monsieur Garnier?"

"Very possibly; and as Miss Saltonstall is quite artless and child-like in the expression of her likes and dislikes," said Raymond, with the faintest touch of irony, "you can judge as well as I can."

Garnier parried the thrust lightly. "You are no kinder to our follies than you are to the grand passions of these gentlemen. Confess, you frightened them horribly. You are—what is called—a bear—eh? You depreciate in the interests of business."

Raymond did not at first appear to notice the sarcasm. "I only stated," he said, gravely, "that which these gentlemen will find out for themselves before they are many hours older. Dr. West was the brain of the county, as Aladdin is its life-blood. It only remains to be seen how far the loss of that brain affects the county. The Stock Exchange market in San Francisco will indicate that to-day in the shares of the San Antonio and Soquel Railroad and the West Mills and Manufacturing Co. It is a matter that may affect even our friends here. Whatever West's social standing was in this house, lately he was in confidential business relations with Mrs. Saltonstall." He raised his eyes for the first time to Garnier as he added, slowly, "It is to be hoped that if our hostess has no social reasons to deplore the loss of Dr. West, she at least will have no other."

With a lover's instinct, conscious only of some annoyance to Maruja in all this, Carroll anxiously looked for her appearance among the others. He was doomed to disappointment, however. His half-timid inquiries only resulted in the information that Maruja was closeted with her mother. The penetralia of the casa was only accessible to the family; yet as he wandered uneasily about, he could not help passing once or twice before the quaint low archway with its grated door that opened from the central hall. His surprise may be imagined when he suddenly heard his name uttered in a low voice; and looking up, he beheld the soft eyes of Maruja at the grating.

She held the door partly open with one little hand, and made a sign for him to enter with the other. When he had done so, she said, "Come with me," and preceded him down the dim corridor. His heart beat thickly; the incense of this sacred inner life, with its faint suggestion of dead rose leaves, filled him with a voluptuous languor; his breath was lost, as if a soft kiss had taken it away; his senses swam in the light mist that seemed to suffuse everything. His step trembled as she suddenly turned aside and, opening a door, ushered him into a small vaulted chamber.

In the first glance it seemed to be an oratory or chapel. A large gilt and ebony crucifix hung on the wall. There was a *prie-dieu* of heavy dark mahogany in the centre of the tiled floor; there was a low ottoman or couch, covered with a mantle of dark violet velvet, like a pall; there were two quaintly carved stiff chairs; a religious, almost ascetic, air pervaded the apartment; but no dreamy Eastern seraglio could have affected him with an intoxication so profoundly and mysteriously sensuous.

Maruja pointed to a chair, and then, with a peculiarly feminine movement, placed herself sideways upon the ottoman, half reclining on her elbow on a high cushion, her deep billowy flounces partly veiling the funereal velvet below. Her oval face was pale and melancholy, her eyes moist as if with recent tears; an expression as of troubled passion lurked in their depths and in the corners of her mouth. Scarcely knowing why, Carroll fancied that thus she might appear if she were in love, and the daring thought made him tremble.

"I wanted to speak with you alone," she said, gently, as if in explanation; "but don't look at me so. I have had a bad night, and now this calamity"—she stopped, and then added, softly, "I want you to do a favor for—my mother."

Captain Carroll with an effort at last found his voice. "But *you* are in trouble, *you* are suffering. I had no idea this unfortunate affair came so near to you."

"Nor did I," said Maruja, closing her fan with a slight snap. "I knew nothing of it until my mother told me this morning. To be frank with you, it now appears that Dr. West was her most intimate business adviser. All her affairs were in his hands. I can not explain how or why or when, but it is so."

"And is that all?" said Carroll, with boyish openness of relief. "And you have no other sorrow?"

In spite of herself a tender smile, such as she might have bestowed on an impulsive boy, broke on her lips. "And is that not enough? What would you? No, sit where you are! We are here to talk seriously. And you do not ask what is this favor my mother wishes?"

"No matter what it is, it shall be done," said Carroll, quickly. "I am your mother's slave if she will but let me serve at your side. Only," he paused, "I wish it was not business—I know nothing of business."

"If it were only business, Captain Carroll," said Maruja, slowly, "I would have spoken to Raymond or the Señor Buchanan; if it were only confidence, Pereo, our mayordomo, would have dragged himself from his sick-bed this morning to do my mother's bidding. But it is more than that; it is the functions of a gentleman, and my mother, Captain Carroll, would like to say of—a friend."

He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. She withdrew it gently.

"What have I to do?" he asked, eagerly.

She drew a note from her belt. "It is very simple. You must ride over to Aladdin with that note. You must give it to him *alone*—more than that, you must not let any one who may be there think you are making any but a social call. If he keeps you to dine—you must stay—you will bring back anything he may give you and deliver it to me secretly for her."

"Is that all?" asked Carroll, with a slight touch of disappointment in his tone.

"No," said Maruja, rising impulsively. "No, Captain Carroll, it is *not* all! And you shall know all, if only to prove to you how we confide in you—and to leave you free, after you have heard it, to do as you please." She stood before him, quite white, opening and shutting her fan quickly, and tapping the tiled floor with her little foot. "I have told you Dr. West was my mother's business adviser. She looked upon him as more—as a friend. Do you know what a dangerous thing it is for a woman who has lost one protector to begin to rely upon another? Well, my mother is not yet old. Dr. West appreciated her—Dr. West did not depreciate himself—two things that go far with a woman, Captain Carroll, and my mother is a woman." She paused, and then, with a light toss of her fan, said, "Well, to make an end, but for this excellent horse and this too ambitious rider one knows not how far the old story of my mother's first choice would have been repeated, and the curse of Koorotora again fallen on the land."

"And you tell me this—you, Maruja—you who warned me against my hopeless passion for you?"

"Could I foresee this?" she said, passionately; "and are you mad enough not to see that this very act would have made *your* suit intolerable to my relations?"

"Then you did think of my suit, Maruja?" he said, grasping her hand.

"Or any one's suit," she continued, hurriedly, turning away with a slight increase of color in her cheeks. After a moment's pause she added, in a gentler and half-reproachful voice: "Do you think I have confided my mother's story to you for this purpose only? Is this the help you proffer?"

"Forgive me, Maruja," said the young officer, earnestly. "I am selfish, I know, for I love you. But you have not told me yet how I could help your mother by delivering this letter, which any one could do."

"Let me finish, then," said Maruja. "It is for you to judge what may be done. Letters have passed between my mother and Dr. West. My mother is imprudent; I know not what she may have written or what she might not write in confidence. But you understand; they are not letters to be made public nor to pass into any hands but hers. They are not to be bandied about by his American friends, to be commented upon by strangers, to reach the ears of the Guitierrezes. They belong to that grave which lies between the Past and my mother; they must not rise from it to haunt her."

"I understand," said the young officer, quietly. "This letter, then, is my authority to recover them?"

"Partly, though it refers to other matters. This Mr. Prince, whom you Americans call Aladdin, was a friend of Dr. West; they were associated in business, and he will probably have access to his papers. The rest we must leave to you."

"I think you may," said Carroll, simply.

Maruja stretched out her hand. The young man bent over it respectfully and moved toward the door.

She had expected him to make some protestation, perhaps even to claim some reward. But the instinct which made him forbear even in thought to take advantage of the duty laid upon him, which dominated even his miserable passion for her, and made it subservient to his exaltation of honor, this epaulet of the officer and blood of the gentleman, this simple possession of knighthood not laid on by perfunctory steel, but springing from within—all this, I grieve to say, was partly unintelligible to Maruja, and not entirely satisfactory. Since he had entered the room they seemed to have changed their situations; he was no longer the pleading lover that trembled at her feet. For one base moment she thought it was the result of his knowledge of her mother's weakness; but the next instant, meeting his clear glance, she colored with shame. Yet she detained him vaguely a moment before the grated door in the secure shadow of the arch. He might have kissed her there! He did not.

In the gloomy stagnation of the great house it was natural that he should escape from it for a while, and the saddling of his horse for a solitary ride attracted no attention. But it might have been noticed that his manner had lost much of that nervous susceptibility and anxiety which indicates a lover; and it was with a return of his professional coolness and precision that he rode out of the patio as if on parade. Erect, observant, and self-possessed, he felt himself "on duty," and, putting spurs to his horse, cantered along the high-road, finding an inexpressible relief in motion. He was doing something in the interest of helplessness and of *her*. He had no doubt of his right to interfere. He did not bother himself with the rights of others. Like all self-contained men, he had no plan of action, except what the occasion might suggest.

He was more than two miles from La Mision Perdida when his quick eye was attracted by a saddle blanket lying in the road-side ditch. A recollection of the calamity of the previous night made him rein in his horse and examine it. It was without doubt the saddle blanket of Dr. West's horse, lost when the saddle came off, after the Doctor's body had been dragged by the runaway beast. But a second fact forced itself equally upon the young officer. It was lying nearly a mile from the spot where the body had been picked up. This certainly did not agree with the accepted theory that the accident had taken place further on, and that the body had been dragged until the saddle came off where it was found. His professional knowledge of equitation and the technique of accoutrements exploded the idea that the saddle could have slipped here, the saddle blanket fallen, and the horse have run nearly a mile hampered by the saddle hanging under him. Consequently the saddle, blanket, and unfortunate rider must have been precipitated together and at the same moment on or near this very spot. Captain Carroll was not a detective; he had no theory to establish, no motive to discover; only as an officer he would have simply rejected any excuse offered on those terms by one of his troopers to account for a similar accident. He troubled himself with no further deduction. Without dismounting, he gave a closer attention to the marks of struggling hoofs near the edge of the ditch, which had not yet been obliterated by the daily travel. In doing so, his horse's hoof struck a small object partly hidden in the thick dust of the highway. It seemed to be a leather letter or memorandum case adapted for the breast pocket. Carroll instantly dismounted and picked it up. The name and address of Dr. West were legibly written on the inside. It contained a few papers and notes, but nothing more. The possibility that it might disclose the letters he was seeking was a hope quickly past. It was only a corroborative fact that the accident had taken place on the spot where he was standing. He was losing time; he hurriedly put the book in his pocket, and once more spurred forward on his road.

CHAPTER VII.

The exterior of Aladdin's Palace, familiar as it already was to Carroll, struck him that afternoon as looking more than usually unreal, ephemeral, and unsubstantial. The Moorish arches, of the thinnest white pine, the arabesque screens and lattices that looked as if made of pierced cardboard, the golden minarets that seemed to be glued to the shell-like towers, and the hollow battlements that visibly warped and cracked in the fierce sunlight—all appeared more than ever like a theatrical scene that might sink through the ground or vanish on either side to the sound of the prompter's whistle. Recalling Raymond's cynical insinuations, he could not help fancying that the house had been built by a conscientious genie with a view to the possibility of the lamp and the ring passing, with other effects, into the hands of the sheriff.

Nevertheless, the servant who took Captain Carroll's horse summoned another domestic, who preceded him into a small waiting-room off the gorgeous central hall, which looked not unlike the private bar-room of a first-class hotel, and presented him with a sherry cobbler. It was a peculiarity of Aladdin's Palace that the host seldom did the honors of his own house, but usually deputed the task to some friend, and generally the last new-comer. Carroll was consequently not surprised when he was presently joined by an utter stranger, who again pressed upon him the refreshment he had just declined. "You see," said the transitory host, "I'm a stranger myself here, and haven't got the ways of the regular customers; but call for anything you like, and I'll see it got for you. Jim" (the actual Christian name of Aladdin) "is headin' a party through the stables. Would you like to join 'em—they ain't more than half through now—or will you come right to the billiard-room—the latest thing out in stained glass and iron—ez pretty as fresh paint—or will you meander along to the bridal suite, and see the bamboo and silver dressing-room, and the white satin and crystal bed that cost fifteen thousand dollars as it stands? Or," he added, confidentially, "would you like to cut the whole cussed thing, and I'll get out Jim's 2.32 trotter and his spider-legged buggy, and we'll take a spin over to the Springs afore dinner?" It was, however, more convenient to Carroll's purpose to conceal his familiarity with the Aladdin treasures, and to politely offer to follow his guide through the house. "I reckon Jim's pretty busy just now," continued the stranger; "what with old Doc West going under so sudden, just ez he'd got things boomin' with that railroad and his manufactory company. The stocks went down to nothing this morning; and, 'twixt you and me, the boys say," he added, mysteriously sinking his voice, "it was jest the tightest squeeze there whether there wouldn't be a general burst up all round. But Jim was over at San Antonio afore the Doctor's body was laid out, just ran that telegraph himself for about two hours, had a meeting of trustees and directors afore the Coroner came, had the Doctor's books and papers brought over here in a buggy, and another meeting before luncheon. Why, by the time the other fellows began to drop in to know if the Doctor was really dead, Jim Prince had discounted the whole affair two years ahead. Why, bless you, nearly everybody is in it. That Spanish woman over there, with the pretty daughter—that high-toned Greaser with the big house—you know who I mean—"

"I don't think I do," said Carroll, coldly. "I know a lady named Saltonstall, with several daughters."

"That's her; thought I'd seen you there once. Well, the Doctor's got her into it, up to the eyes. I reckon she's mortgaged everything to him."

It required all Carroll's trained self-possession to prevent his garrulous guide from reading his emotion in his face. This, then, was the secret of Maruja's melancholy. Poor child, how bravely she had borne up under it! And *he*, in his utter selfishness, had never suspected it. Perhaps that letter was her delicate way of breaking the news to him, for he should certainly now hear it all from Aladdin's lips. And this man, who evidently had succeeded to the control of Dr. West's property, doubtless had possession of the letters too. Humph! He shut his lips firmly together, and strode along by the side of his innocent guide, erect and defiant.

He did not have long to wait. The sound of voices, the opening of doors, and the trampling of feet indicated that the other party were being "shown over" that part of the building Carroll and his companion were approaching. "There's Jim and his gang now," said his cicerone; "I'll tell him you're here, and step out of this show business myself. So long! I reckon I'll see you at dinner." At this moment Prince and a number of ladies and gentlemen appeared at the further end of the hall; his late guide joined them, and apparently indicated Carroll's presence, as, with a certain lounging, off-duty, officer-like way the young man sauntered on.

Aladdin, like others of his class, objected to the military, theoretically and practically; but he was not above recognizing their social importance in a country of no society, and of even being fascinated by Carroll's quiet and secure self-possession and self-contentment in a community of restless ambition and aggressive assertion. He came forward to welcome him cordially; he introduced him with an air of satisfaction; he would have preferred if he had been in uniform, but he contented himself with the fact that Carroll, like all men of disciplined limbs, carried himself equally well in mufti.

"You have shown us everything," said Carroll, smiling, "except the secret chamber where you keep the magic lamp and ring. Are we not to see the spot where the incantation that produces these marvels is held, even if we are forbidden to witness the ceremony? The ladies are dying to see your sanctum—your study—your workshop—where you really live."

"You'll find it a mere den, as plain as my bedroom," said Prince, who prided himself on the Spartan simplicity of his own habits, and was not averse to the exhibition. "Come this way." He crossed the hall, and entered a small, plainly furnished room containing a table piled with papers, some of which were dusty and worn-looking. Carroll instantly conceived the idea that these were Dr. West's property. He took his letter quietly from his pocket, and, when the attention of the others was diverted, laid it on the table, with the remark, in an under-tone, audible only to Prince, "From Mrs. Saltonstall."

Aladdin had that sublime audacity which so often fills the place of tact. Casting a rapid glance at Carroll, he cried, "Hallo!" and wheeling suddenly round on his following guests, with a bewildering extravagance of playful brusqueness, actually bundled them from the room. "The incantation is on!" he cried, waving his arms in the air; "the genie is at work. No admittance except on business! Follow Miss Wilson," he added, clapping both hands on the shoulders of the prettiest and shyest young lady of the party, with an irresistible paternal familiarity. "She's your hostess. I'll honor her drafts to any amount;" and before they were aware of his purpose, or that Carroll was no longer among them, Aladdin had closed the door, that shut with a spring lock, and was alone with the young man.

He walked quickly to his desk, took up the letter, and opened it.

His face of dominant, self-satisfied good-humor became set and stern. Without taking the least notice of Carroll, he rose, and stepping to a telegraphic instrument at a side table, manipulated half a dozen ivory knobs with a sudden energy. Then he returned to the table, and began hurriedly to glance over the memoranda and indorsements of the files of papers piled upon it. Carroll's quick eye caught sight of a small packet of letters in a writing of unmistakable feminine delicacy, and made certain they were the ones he was in quest of. Without raising his eyes, Mr. Prince asked, almost rudely,

"Who else has she told this to?"

"If you refer to the contents of that letter, it was written and handed to me about three hours ago. It has not been out of my possession since then."

"Humph! Who's at the casa? There's Buchanan and Raymond and Victor Guitierrez, eh?"

"I think I can say almost positively that Mrs. Saltonstall has seen no one but her daughter since the news reached her, if that is what you wish to know," said Carroll, still following the particular package of letters with his eyes, as Mr. Prince continued his examination. Prince stopped.

"Are you sure?"

"Almost sure."

Prince rose, this time with a greater ease of manner, and going to the table, ran his fingers over the knobs, as if mechanically. "One would like to know at once all there is to know about a transaction that changes the front of four millions of capital in about four hours, eh, Captain?" he said, for the first time really regarding his guest. "Just four hours ago, in this very room, we found out that the widow Saltonstall owed Dr. West about a million, tied up in investments, and we calculated to pull her through with perhaps the loss of half. If she's got this assignment of the Doctor's property that she speaks of in her letter as collateral security, and it's all regular, and she—so to speak—steps into Dr. West's place, by G—d, sir, we owe *him* about three millions, and we've got to settle with *her*—and that's all about it. You've dropped a little bomb-shell in here, Captain, and the splinters are flying round as far as San Francisco now. I confess it beats me regularly. I always thought the old man was a little keen over there at the casa, but she was a woman, and he was a man for all his sixty years, and *that* combination I never thought of. I only wonder she hadn't gobbled him up before."

Captain Carroll's face betrayed no trace of the bewilderment and satisfaction at this news of which he had been the unconscious bearer, nor of resentment at the coarseness of its translation.

"There does not seem to be any memorandum of this assignment," continued Prince, turning over the papers.

"Have you looked here?" said Carroll, taking up the packet of letters.

"No; they seem to me some private letters she refers to in this letter, and that she wants back again."

"Let us see," said Carroll, untying the packet. There were three or four closely written notes in Spanish and English.

"Love-letters, I reckon," said Prince; "that's why the old girl wants 'em back. She don't care to have the wheedling that fetched the Doctor trotted out to the public."

"Let us look more carefully," said Carroll, pleasantly, opening each letter before Prince, yet so skillfully as to frustrate any attempt of the latter to read them. "There does not seem to be any memorandum here. They are evidently only private letters."

"Quite so," said Prince.

Captain Carroll retied the packet, and put it in his pocket. "Then I'll return them to her," he said, quietly.

"Hullo! here, I say," said Prince, starting to his feet.

"I said I would return them to her," repeated Carroll, calmly.

"But I never gave them to you. I never consented to their withdrawal from the papers."

"I'm sorry you did not," said Carroll, coldly; "it would have been more polite."

"Polite! D—n it, sir! I call this stealing."

"Stealing, Mr. Prince, is a word that might be used by the person who claims these letters to describe the act of any one who would keep them from *her*. It really can not apply to you or me."

"Once for all, do you refuse to return them to me?" said Prince, pale with anger.

"Decidedly."

"Very well, sir; we shall see." He stepped to the corner and rang a bell. "I have summoned my manager, and will charge you with the theft in his presence."

"I think not."

"And why, sir?"

"Because the presence of a third party would enable me to throw this glove in your face, which, as a gentleman, I couldn't do without witnesses."

Steps were heard along the passage; Prince was no coward in a certain way, neither was he a fool. He knew that Carroll would keep his word; he knew that he should have to fight him; that whatever the issue of the duel was, the cause of the quarrel would be known, and scarcely redound to his credit. At present there were no witnesses to the offered insult, and none would be wiser. The letters were not worth it. He stepped to the door, opened it, said, "No matter," and closed it again.

He returned with an affectation of carelessness. "You are right. I don't know that I'm called upon to make a scene here which the *law* can do for me as well elsewhere. It will settle pretty quick whether you've got the right to those letters, and whether you've taken the right way to get them, sir."

"I have no desire to evade any responsibility in this matter, legal or otherwise," said Carroll, coldly, rising to his feet.

"Look here," said Prince, suddenly, with a return of his brusque frankness, "you might have *asked* me for those letters, you know."

"And you wouldn't have given them to me," said Carroll.

Prince laughed. "That's so! I say, Captain, did they teach you this sort of strategy at West Point?"

"They taught me that I could neither receive nor give an insult under a white flag," said Carroll, pleasantly. "And they allowed me to make exchanges under the same rule. I picked up this pocket-book on the spot where the accident occurred to Dr. West. It is evidently his. I leave it with you, who are his executor."

The instinct of reticence before a man with whom he could never be confidential kept him from alluding to his other discovery.

Prince took the pocket-book and opened it mechanically. After a moment's scrutiny of the memoranda it contained, his face assumed something of the same concentrated attention it wore at the beginning of the interview. Raising his eyes suddenly to Carroll, he said, quickly,

"You have examined it?"

"Only so far as to see that it contained nothing of importance to the person I represent," returned Carroll, simply.

The capitalist looked at the young officer's clear eyes. Something of embarrassment came into his own as he turned them away.

"Certainly. Only memorandums of the Doctor's business. Quite important to us, you know. But nothing referring to *your* principal." He laughed. "Thank you for the exchange. I say—take a drink!"

"Thank you—no!" returned Carroll, going to the door.

"Well, good-by."

He held out his hand. Carroll, with his clear eyes still regarding him, passed quietly by the outstretched hand, opened the door, bowed, and made his exit.

A slight flush came into Prince's cheek. Then, as the door closed, he burst into a half-laugh. Had he been a dramatic villain he would have added to it several lines of soliloquy, in which he would have rehearsed the fact that the opportunity for revenge had "come at last"; that the "haughty victor who had just left with his ill-gotten spoil had put into his hands the weapon of his friend's destruction"; that the "hour had come"; and possibly he might have said, "Ha! ha!" But being a practical, good-natured, selfish rascal, not much better or worse than his neighbors, he sat himself down at his desk, and began to carefully consider how *he* could best make use of this memoranda jotted down by Dr. West of the proofs of the existence of his son, and the consequent discovery of a legal heir to his property.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Faquita had made sure that her young mistress was so securely closeted with Doña Maria that morning as to be inaccessible to curious eyes and ears, she saw fit to bewail to her fellow-servants this further evidence of the decay of the old feudal and patriarchal mutual family confidences. "Time was, thou rememberest, Pepita, when an affair of this kind was openly discussed at chocolate with everybody present, and before us all. When Joaquin Padilla was shot at Monterey, it was the Doña herself who told us, who read aloud the letters describing it, and the bullet-holes in his clothes, and made it quite a gala-day, and he was a first cousin of Guitierrez. And now, when this American goat of a doctor is kicked to death by a mule, the family must shut themselves up, that never a question is asked or answered."

"Ay," responded Pepita; "and as regards that, Sanchez there knows as much as they do, for it was he that almost saw the whole affair."

"How?—sawest it?" inquired Faquita, eagerly.

"Why, was it not he that was bringing home Pereo, who had been lying in one of his trances or visions—blessed St. Antonio preserve us!" said Pepita, hastily crossing herself—"on Koorotora's grave, when the Doctor's mustang charged down upon them like a wild bull, and the Doctor's foot half out of the stirrups, and he not yet fast in his seat? And Pereo laughs a wild laugh, and says, 'Watch if the coyote does not drag yet at his mustang's heels'; and Sanchez ran and watched the Doctor out of sight, careering and galloping to his death!—ay! as Pereo prophesied. For it was only half an hour afterward that Sanchez again heard the tramp of his hoofs—as if it were here—and knowing it two miles away, thou understandest, he said to himself, 'It is over.'"

The two women shuddered and crossed themselves.

"And what says Pereo of the fulfillment of his prophecy?" asked Faquita, hugging herself in her shawl with a certain titillating shrug of fascinating horror.

"It is even possible he understands it not. Thou knowest how dazed and dumb he ever is after these visions, that he comes from them as one from the grave, remembering nothing. He has lain like a log all the morning."

"Ay, but this news should awaken him, if aught can. He loved not this sneaking Doctor. Let us seek him; mayhap Sanchez may be there. Come! the mistress lacks us not just now; the guests are provided for. Come!"

She led the way to the eastern angle of the casa communicating by a low corridor with the corral and stables. This was the old "gate keep," or quarters of the mayordomo, who, among his functions, was supposed to exercise a supervision over the exits and entrances of the house. A large steward's room or office, beyond it a room of general assembly, half guard-room, half servants' hall, and Pereo's sleeping-room, constituted his domain. A few persons were gathered in the hall near the open door of the apartment where Pereo lay.

Stretched on a low pallet, his face as yellow as wax, a light burning under a crucifix near his head, and a spray of blessed palm, popularly supposed to avert the attempts of evil spirits to gain possession of his suspended faculties, Pereo looked not unlike a corpse. Two muffled and shawled domestics, who sat by his side, might have been mourners, but for their voluble and incessant chattering.

"So thou art here, Faquita," said a stout virago. "It is a wonder thou couldst spare time from prayers for the repose of the American Doctor's soul to look after the health of thy superior, poor Pereo! Is it, then, true that Doña Maria said she would have naught more to do with the drunken brute of her mayordomo?"

The awful fascination of Pereo's upturned face did not prevent Faquita from tossing her head as she replied, pertly, that she was not there to defend her mistress from lazy gossip. "Nay, but *what* said she?" asked the other attendant.

"She said Pereo was to want for nothing; but at present she could not see him."

A murmur of indignation and sympathy passed through the company. It was followed by a long sigh from the insensible man. "His lips move," said Faquita, still fascinated by curiosity. "Hush! he would speak."

"His lips move, but his soul is still asleep," said Sanchez, oracularly. "Thus they have moved since early morning, when I came to speak with him, and found him lying here in a fit upon the floor. He was half dressed, thou seest, as if he had risen to go forth, and had been struck down so—"

"Hush! I tell thee he speaks," said Faquita.

The sick man was faintly articulating through a few tiny bubbles that broke upon his rigid lips. "He—dared—me! He—said—I was old—too old."

"Who dared thee? Who said thou wast too old?" asked the eager Faquita, bending over him.

"He, Koorotora himself! in the shape of a coyote."

Faquita fell back with a little giggle, half of shame, half of awe.

"It is ever thus," said Sanchez, sententiously; "it is what he said last night, when I picked him up on the mound. He will sleep now—thou shalt see. He will get no further than Koorotora and the coyote, and then he will sleep."

And to the awe of the group, and the increased respect for Sanchez's wisdom, Pereo seemed to fall again into a lethargic slumber. It was late in the evening when he appeared to regain perfect consciousness. "Ah! what is this?" he said, roughly, sitting up in bed and eying the watchers around him, some of whom had succumbed to sleep, and others were engaged in playing cards. "Caramba! are ye mad! Thou, Sanchez, here, who shouldst be at thy work in the stables! Thou, Pepita, is thy mistress asleep or dead, that thou sittest here? Blessed San Antonio, would ye drive me mad?" He lifted his hand to his head with a dull movement of pain, and attempted to rise from the bed.

"Softly, good Pereo; lie still," said Sanchez, approaching him. "Thou hast been ill—so ill! These, thy friends, have been waiting only for this moment to be assured that thou art better. For this idleness there is no blame—truly none. The Doña Maria has said that thou shouldst lack no care; and truly since the terrible news there has been little to do."

"The terrible news?" repeated Pereo.

Sanchez cast a meaning glance upon the others, as if to indicate this confirmation of his diagnosis.

"Ay, terrible news. The Doctor West was found this morning dead two miles from the casa."

"Dr. West dead?" repeated Pereo, slowly, as if endeavoring to master the real meaning of the words. Then seeing the vacuity of his question reflected on the faces of those around, he added, hurriedly, with a feeble smile, "Oh—ay—dead! Yes, I remember. And he has been ill, very ill—eh?"

"It was an accident. He was thrown from his horse, and so killed," returned Sanchez, gravely.

"Killed—by his horse, sayest thou?" said Pereo, with a sudden fixed look in his eye.

"Ay, good Pereo. Dost thou not remember when the mustang bolted with him down upon us in the lane? and then thou didst say he would come to evil with the brute. He did—blessed San Antonio!—within half an hour!"

"How—thou sawest it?"

"Nay; for the mustang was running away, and I did not follow. Bueno! it happened all the same. The Alcalde, coroner, who knows all about it, has said so an hour ago. Juan brought the news from the rancho where the inquest was. There will be a funeral the day after to-morrow, and so it is that some of the family will go. Fancy Pereo, a Guitierrez, at the funeral of the Americano Doctor! Nay, I doubt not that the Doña Maria will ask thee to say a prayer over his bier."

"Peace, fool! and speak not of thy lady mistress," thundered the old man, sitting upright. "Begone to the stables! Dost thou hear me? Go!"

"Now by the Mother of Miracles!" said Sanchez, hastening from the room, as the gaunt figure of the old man rose like a sheeted spectre from the bed, "that was his old self again. Blessed San Antonio! Pereo has recovered."

He did not attend the funeral, nor did Mrs. Saltonstall; but the family was represented by Maruja and Amita, accompanied by one or two dark-faced cousins, Captain Carroll, and Raymond. A number of friends and business associates from the neighboring towns, Aladdin and a party from his house, the farm laborers, and a crowd of working-men from his mills in the foot-hills swelled the assemblage that met in and around the rude agricultural sheds and out-houses which formed the only pastoral habitation of the rancho of San Antonio. It had been a characteristic injunction of the deceased that he should be buried in the midst of one of the most prolific grain fields, as a grim return to that nature he was impoverishing, with neither mark nor monument to indicate the spot, and that even the temporary mound above him should at the fitting season of the year be levelled with the rest of the field by the obliterating ploughshares. A grave was accordingly dug about a quarter of a mile from his office, amidst a "volunteer" crop so dense that the large space mown around the narrow opening to admit of the presence of the multitude seemed like a golden amphitheatre.

Maruja, who had been standing near the carriage, languidly silent and abstracted even under the tender attentions of Carroll, suddenly felt the consciousness of another pair of eyes fixed upon her. Looking up, she was surprised to find herself regarded by the man she had twice met, once as a tramp and once as a wayfarer at the fonda, who had quietly joined a group not far from her. At once, impressed by the idea that this was the first time that he had really looked at her, she felt a singular shyness creeping over her, until, to her own astonishment and indignation, she was obliged to lower her eyes before his gaze. In vain she tried to lift them with her old supreme power of fascination. If she had ever blushed, she felt she would have done so now. She knew that her face must betray her consciousness; and at last she—Maruja, the self-poised and all-sufficient goddess—actually turned in half-hysterical and girlish bashfulness to Carroll for relief in an affected and exaggerated absorption of his attentions. She scarcely knew that the clergyman had finished speaking, when Raymond approached them softly from behind. "Pray don't believe," he said, appealingly, "that all the human virtues are about to be buried—I should say sown—in that wheat field. A few will still survive, and creep about the Doctor's grave. Listen to a story just told me, and disbelieve—if you dare—in human gratitude. Do you see that picturesque young ruffian over there?"

Maruja did not lift her eyes. She felt herself breathlessly hanging on the speaker's next words.

"Why, that's the young man of the fonda, who picked up your fan," said Carroll—"isn't it?"

"Perhaps," said Maruja, indifferently. She would have given worlds to have been able to turn coldly and stare at him at that moment with the others, but she dared not. She contented herself with softly brushing some dust from Captain Carroll's arm with her fan, and a feminine suggestion of tender care which thrilled that gentleman.

"Well," continued Raymond, "that Robert Macaire over yonder came here some three or four days ago as a tramp, in want of everything but honest labor. Our lamented friend consented to parley with him, which was something remarkable in the Doctor. Still more remarkable, he gave him a suit of clothes and, it is said, some money, and sent him on his way. Now, more remarkable than all, our friend, on hearing of his benefactor's death, actually tramps back here to attend his funeral. The Doctor being dead, his executors not of a kind to emulate the Doctor's spasmodic generosity, and there being no chance of future favors, the act must be recorded as purely and simply gratitude. By Jove! I don't know but that he is the only one here who can be called a real mourner. I'm here because your sister is here; Carroll comes because *you* do, and you come because your mother can not."

"And who tells you these pretty stories?" asked Maruja, with her face still turned toward Carroll.

"The foreman, Harrison, who, with an extensive practical experience of tramps, was struck with this exception to the general rule."

"Poor man! one ought to do something for him," said Amita, compassionately.

"What!" said Raymond, with affected terror, "and spoil this perfect story? Never! If I should offer him ten dollars, I'd expect him to kick me; if he took it, I'd expect to kick *him*."

"He is not so bad-looking, is he, Maruja?" asked Amita of her sister. But Maruja had already moved a few paces off with Carroll, and seemed to be listening to him only. Raymond smiled at the pretty perplexity of Amita's eyebrows over this pronounced indiscretion.

"Don't mind them," he whispered; "you really can not expect to dueña your elder sister. Tell me, would you actually like me to see if I could assist the virtuous tramp? You have only to speak." But Amita's interest appeared to be so completely appeased with Raymond's simple offer that she only smiled, blushed, and said "No."

Maruja's quick ears had taken in every word of these asides, and for an instant she hated her sister for her aimless declination of Raymond's proposal. But becoming conscious—under her eyelids—that the stranger was moving away with the dispersing crowd, she rejoined Amita with her usual manner. The others had re-entered the carriage, but Maruja took it into her head to proceed on foot to the rude building whence the mourners had issued. The foreman Harrison, flushed and startled by this apparition of inaccessible beauty at his threshold, came eagerly forward. "I shall not trouble you now, Mr. Har-r-r-rison," she said, with a polite exaggeration of the consonants; "but some day I shall ride over here, and ask you to show me your wonderful machines."

She smiled, and turned back to seek her carriage. But before she had gone many yards she found that she had completely lost it in the intervening billows of grain. She stopped with an impatient little Spanish ejaculation. The next